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FLAVIAN: A CLERICAL PORTRAIT.

AT any given period of Flavian's too brief career, the first thing to be said of him was that he was young, and looked younger. His foes might always have added with spite, and his friends with proud affection, that he could never be much older. The calendar, at the last, almost compromised him, but nobody minded the calendar; and a premonitory hint of baldness got no credit at all as against that clear level glance, that virginal gayety, that unblunted courage. His most winning and valuable asset was a sort of aureole. Painters have always reported to us that some bodies shine; modern science says they are right. Many have fire in them, as we say; and some shed it, as did this one. None who watched him could fail, ever and anon, to catch him looking as transparent as Cowley's lilies,

> Clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

Yet he was no angel, but "a man's man", in all.

His policy was not what is commonly defined as asceticism. He held that "holiness is not the emptying, but the filling of life". However, the positive trend of Flavian's boyish personality never for an instant obscured its dominant note, which was a true priestly dash of other-worldliness, or Uranian wildness. He somehow bore silent witness to himself as one bred in the cloister, and fresh (as fresh in any imagined to-morrow as at the moment) from the novitiate. If an observer were quick at inferences, he saw at once that Flavian's had been no roundabout spiritual journey; that he had always been

God's by an irresistible and visible religious vocation. There is no assurance quite so fragrant as this. But his morning consecration had not left him one whit less individual, and it had certainly deepened, as nothing else could have done so fully, his singular tenderness. Those who appreciated winter landscape, and knew the rare beauty of the desert, were glad of certain austere moods in him, moods of silence and peace, lying just beyond the borderlands of every bustling day. These gave him reality. There was even some superior Puritanism in him, of a dormant kind, though for all practical purposes he rode with King Charles. Absolute fearlessness; phosphoric energy, nay, wastefulness, physical and mental; a certain patrician quickness of brain, foot, lip and eye; a huge capacity for painstaking, and for foil to that, instinctive impatience with bores and shirks, with sophisms and delays, with another's emotions or his own; a way of dealing with obstacles, when necessary, as horned lightning deals with the cloud, and a general uppermost air of inspiration and "unpremeditated art";—these went far to commend him to persons who like living organisms to seem alive.

Flavian's qualities were few, and happily adjusted. He was notably fresh and robust, simple and wholesome, with no least touch of the fantastic. He had " sweetness which cannot be weak, and force which will not be rough ". His sternness was pure Hebraic, of the best adamant, and exercised only against himself. What a selfish consideration might be, he never could have had the slightest occasion to discover at first hand. Full of engaging humility, he boggled not at all at displaying repentances and afterthoughts. In fact, his course through life was marked, as Hop-o'-my-thumb's by crumbs, by self-rectifications and little public penances, enough to make the most captious love him. But he was coy in the extreme of explanations. To match his flint and iron, he had a golden laughter, candid and delightful; and to his dying day, he kept up a rocket-like fun, with a distinct streak in it of adventure and soaring mischief, such as would have done credit to the most cherubic of choir-boys. His feeling, like his fun, was exquisite, and went to the quick. The one was defended, and the other fed, by a choice temperamental irony, perhaps Flavian's most essential characteristic.

He had the sort of truthfulness which does not always go with a strong sense of humor: truthfulness not only concrete and open, but unrelenting, indescribably pervasive. In all he thought, said, or implied; did, or left undone; in his very mien, voice and handwriting, was truth up to the hilt. You were ever detecting in him a most blessed inability not only for taking, but even for crediting, the petty or provincial view of things. He was supremely tolerant, and could allow for almost any attitude of mind, except the born minimizer's. If he had a hobby, it was for largeness: for height, horizons, and freedom of survey. Detail worried him. He always confounded attention to detail with fuss. It affected him like midges along a river-bank in September. Clearly, his part was—and well he knew it—that of a tireless orderly in the field, and not that of a strategic commander-in-chief in a tent, with charts spread before him, and pipes and conversation thrown in. Meanwhile, he lived out his passion for "Thorough". A hater of sham, and a hero of work, he liked to see mastery and manfulness, and could face their results unshaken. He endorsed de Tocqueville's arraignment of a society ailing with "l'affaiblissement moral . . . J'aime les passions quand elles sont bonnes, et je ne suis même pas bien sûr de les detester quand elles sont mauvaises. . . . Ce qu'on rencontre le moins de nos jours, ce sont des passions, vraies et solides passions qui enchainent et conduisent la vie. Nous ne savons plus ni vouloir, ni aimer, ni haïr." It is remembered (how disedifying!) that Flavian thought better of a burglar for burgling well.

He dearly loved letters and art, and was an illuminating critic of both. Musically, he was defective. It is much to be feared that, with Elia, he would not stake a farthing candle on Pergolesi, Glück, or Händel, and that the devil with foot so cloven, for aught he cared might take Beethoven! More than letters or art, or anything else mundane, he loved open-air exercise, Socratic parley with country-folk, and "the sleep that is among the lonely hills". All the fashionable world, all babies, and all dogs, he welcomed without pretence of pan-paternalism, but with a charming semi-benign astonishment. Clerical unction was an ornament of which he knew nothing. He was in no degree a professional philanthropist, though for

any soul whatever which needed him, he carried his life in his hand.

He nursed one pet rage. It was a rage against the smug conscious goodness of good citizens. Any complacent stroking of the fur which might be called your own (i. e., whether personal or tribal), was sure to remind Flavian how the harlots and the publicans shall go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you! In the pulpit, where he was wondered at and hugely admired, he expounded little, but provided echoes and flights of inspiration, crowding lovely vistas into the crevices of Saxon speech, and was unaffected there as elsewhere, displaying no shred of artifice or histrionics. Gesture, with him, was improvised, telling, frankly rectangular. Even his gentlest tones had a vibrancy all but unique. His conceptions of religion were splendidly masculine and objective, and his ideals sufficiently exasperating, as it would appear, to a temporizing and backsliding generation. He thought moping a damaging heresy, and a bad odor. Ill would it have become an officer enlisted, and busy for life, in the Light Artillery of the Catholic Church.

Both shy and bold, he never could be a reciprocal talker. Words, to him, were symbols, not things. He had his own science of shorthand expression, and could not be tied down long enough to thresh out or expatiate. Controversy and discussion were for others; these required a traveling around, and his was only a traveling up. It was his fashion to go flashing in colors across the metaphysical dark, like a Roman candle, spurting twice, thrice, and no more. One of his finest and most racial, most recognizably English traits, was that all which he said in the way of kindly human intercourse was heightened in value by all which he did not say. When he used the superlative, as he sometimes did, it could be perceived that it was of malice prepense and *propter homines*. For his natural style was built on under-statement and homespun epigram: everything short, and everything loaded. It was a genius intensely elliptical. As Mr. Lowell said so clairvoyantly of Keats: " He knew that what he had to do must be done quickly." Flavian communicated with his kind as if by a line of little super-intelligent æolian harps hung in the roadside trees, rather than by afternoon calls and

the parcels post. In any spiritually deforested district, he was bound to fall dumb indeed. Or (to recur to military metaphors, such as he was constantly provoking) one might state that Flavian preferred to conduct all his operations by signal code, and out-of-doors. If you were serving in his battalion, you got signals, and gave them. If you were not, why, you did not! In the course of all the ages, could there possibly be a simpler and more satisfactory arrangement than that? As is the wont of poets and mystics, he went his way alone. None the less was he almost pathetically dependent for free play on the sympathy and furtherance of the few. He was a prince of courtesy. Gratitude, in him, could be eloquent; officially, it was so. He could likewise, if you were worth it, set a fairy crown upon a personal gift by taking it lightly, imaginatively, without the oration and the brass band. Despite its too small stock of nervous strength, his nature had an inherent sunniness; yet, he was as far as possible from the popular ideal of the "genial" man. Profoundly social, and an incomparable friend, he was always silently proffering corroboration, faith, chivalry, most lavishly and loyally from the heart. But to have looked for a repetitive nod and grin as he passed upon the street was misguided. One does well, after all, to take the saints as they are: take them so, or leave them. A certain truancy is the condition of some earthly lives, and must be respected. "Whether in the body, I know not; or whether out of the body, I know not; God knoweth."

It is a thankless task, then or now, to attempt to analyze Flavian. He defeated analysis because he was essentially fugitive, and not confined to one element. You could really grasp not much more of him than what had just ceased to be he:

> A moulted feather, an eagle's feather.

It is inartistic to wish to run to earth the heart of any fellow-creature's mystery, even were one able to do so. Besides, the most sacred and gracious guesses refuse to be put on paper. In Flavian's case, if he went, for the most part, uncomprehended and scot-free, it was because his habit was so supernatural. He lived in the spirit; he had an almost uncanny knowledge of the things of the spirit. Like a lesser

Philip Neri in this, he could read and construe the never-written. He had the art to interpret secret day-dreams, and to forestall by a word, disarm by a look, or supplement by a sign, another's thought. He was anything but diplomatic; he stood clear of fear or favor; he never dealt for one moment in wiles, subterfuges, and complexities; fancy at her drunkenest could not picture Flavian in an intrigue! and therefore all this divination was sheer psychic power, and as miraculous in its way as the three R's acquired by St. Catherine of Siena. Certainly, it did not spring from chronic ordinary knowledge—a man of the world's knowledge—of human nature and motive, for in that he was eminently deficient. The phenomenon proved fairly startling, time after time, to those who heed such things. But he himself was quite unconscious of it. He was unconscious, too, of the diffidence which it bred in some men and women. They did not account it to him for brotherliness. That shining presence seemed to know so much of them that they feared to know more of him. Even so might the unwise treat the Recording Angel.

One thing, however, we all knew, a very beautiful thing to know of any adult: that he was always growing. As has been said, he was young; as if to prove that, he kept on the move. Development and progress are the law of youth, however long it lasts. "My youth is a fault, my Lord," said Jeremy Taylor in his charming gentleness, "which will mend every day." (The sentiment is more familiar yet to us, from the mouth of Pitt.) Those who were impatient with Flavian had no anticipative sense; for to undo animadversions, he had only to live. His growth had all the dimensions; it was not a mere length of line. That intense sensitiveness was meant to be rolled wide, beaten out, by process after process, like gold-leaf. You could never be quite as sorry as you would like to be, when Flavian had trouble of any sort to bear, because martyrdom was the very thing, and the only thing, to bring out his inner beauty. Of course he was considered, by the slave of convention, a budding anarchist. To the son of luxury, he was a ruthless stoic. To the shortsightedly practical, he was an enthusiast, an agitator, a mere visionary. Misconception saddened him, indeed; but it never soured him, or, still less, deflected him. No misjudgment was ever committed

by any trained psychologist, or by the poor, whose instinct for genuine sympathy is the most expert instinct in the world. These never found him abrupt, baffling, fugacious. Yet it was natural, nay, inevitable, to make so grave a critical error in relation to Flavian, while he had, as he had for long, a touch of incompletion, and remained partly inoperative.

Anything elliptical, whether literary or sociological, is bound to be set down as obscure and freakish: which it need not be, and generally is not. The average mind is extremely loath not only to establish, but to perceive connexions. Many of us are acquainted with a *perte de Rhône:* with some stream which fills its channel, then drops suddenly underground, and, miles seaward, reappears on the surface, rushing over sands and between rocky banks; a most fascinating traveler to track and question, and none the less so because it has not been continuously on exhibition. It will be called three streams by the uninitiated. To " look before and after ", to look on the level and under, is the only working rule with it, and with persons like Flavian. There is nothing like knowing your full context. Otherwise, confusion and misreckoning untold, and lunacy settling down on your whole topography. The covenanted need of his rich nature was a freer play of its own powers. They asked not indeed for accretion, but for expression, for ductility, suppleness, wider responsiveness, and intimate and intricate applications. Like all broad, all wholly disinterested characters, Flavian came across those whom he puzzled or infuriated. They could neither fit him into their reckonings, nor even agree as to his genus. To one, he was, let us say, seven pounds of sand; and to another, seven o'clock! He was like some delicate sound racer, who, for all his sagacity and affectionateness, is a little hard in the mouth. Temperaments of this sort, strongly abstract and abstinent, are hidden springs; those who know what change, sorrow, will, philosophy, and the grace of God can do with such, await the sure gushing-forth of the clear stream. Meanwhile, occur certain *damna rerum,* more noticeable in a pastoral vocation than elsewhere. All the efficiency, pluck, control, gusto, and aspiration which can be mutely packed into the heart of a man go for little until they understand and speak the dialect of city streets, where efficiency,

pluck, control, gusto, and aspiration also exist, turned to evil uses. And so it was a bracing spectacle of late to see our Flavian humanizing as fast as ever he knew how. Keeping all his worth intact, he was ceasing to be a non-conductor, and getting into touch with all that lay about him in the dim world of men. He was learning victoriously the whole art of dedicated fatherliness, and of "suffering fools gladly", and of giving forth without stint the flowing waters of consideration and compassion which had sometimes seemed rockbound within him. He was growing up on the heroic scale, and quite as he had always lived, resolutely, brilliantly, and with joy.

Flavian's most touching circumstance was that he might have been, and happily was not, a stray long-legged genius, writing idiosyncratic verses in ivied bowers. In no ordinary degree, his priesthood was his triumph; it was a wonderful piece of good fortune for him, humanly speaking, that he had chosen the sanctuary. As became the manliest of men, he had a horror of rust. It was granted to him to be broken while still clean and bright. They must have seen to it, above, that he was offered not halo and harp (awkward properties for him!) but stout black armor and a new sword. In the camp of his final happiness, soldierly comrades, familiar to our oldest legendry, must have claimed him: Michael, surely; and Gideon; and the sacred Maccabees; Sebastian; George and Alban, long-loved in one isle; Martin too, not mitred now, but re-helmeted; Joan the Maid, with her white oriflamme; and his own smiling sire, the great spirit wounded at Pampeluna. All these, ranged like stars about the King of Martyrs and Lord of Hosts, were prompt, we know, to answer that humble and cheerful countersign of *Alleluia!* shouted, last April, from the scaled battlements of eternity.

FATHER PROUT.

THERE are few better known or more kindly remembered names in the history of the Anglo-Irish literature of the nineteenth century than that of "Father Prout", though it was only a pseudonym. Just as Gerald Griffin's *Collegians* —that unsurpassed and unsurpassable of Irish novels—has im-

mortalized Garryowen, so the *Reliques of Father Prout*, by the Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahony, has made famous forever Watergrasshill, the "barren upland" near Cork which acquired its name through its watercresses, but is still more widely known on account of the fictitious fame with which the sportive fancy of the witty priest has environed the memory of its "lone incumbent". The real Father Andrew Prout, P.P., "in wit a man, in simplicity a child", to whom Frank Mahony ascribed the authorship of his own learned lucubrations, was not at all a scholarly divine, but a good, kindly, unpretentious country priest. The cream of the joke which made the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* laugh so heartily in the thirties of the last century, was in this comical association of rural simplicity with erudition and wide knowledge of the world and of books. It made them relish the fun of crediting the parish priest of Watergrasshill with engrafting on English literature the choicest productions of Gallic culture; with a familiarity only to be found among the lettered, with the polished poetry of Horace and the modern songs of Italy; with an elaborate defence of the Jesuits at a time when the purchased pens of Sue and other hired libelers of the Order were busily employed in aspersing the sons of Loyola; and with a clever and amusing polyglot version of Millikin's "Groves of Blarney"—which he describes as a rare combination of the Teian lyre and the Tipperary bagpipe, of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue; an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt, the humors of Donnybrook wed to the glories of Marathon.

Very scanty materials are accessible for a complete biography of Father Mahony, though his memoirs, had he kept a diary and written them therefrom at length, would be a very interesting contribution to the literary history of the first half of the nineteenth century. He has given us some glimpses of himself and his erratic career in the *Prout Papers;* but as that entertaining book is so much of an olla podrida, is tinged with so much imaginative coloring, is so much more a product of fancy than a record of facts, that which seems to be autobiographical therein has to be taken *cum grano salis.* A member of a well-known Cork family, to whose successful enterprise Ireland is indebted for one of its most prosperous

manufacturing industries—the Blarney Woolen Mills—he was born 31 December (feast of St. Sylvester), 1804, in Blackpool, the northern suburb of the city once noted for its tanneries and distilleries, described by a local poet, Thomas Condon, as "tanned-brown-faced Blackpool". The house in which he was born is not far from where another distinguished Corkman, James Barry, the friend of Dr. Johnson and protégé of Edmund Burke, first saw the light. If not within sight, it is certainly within hearing of those bells of Shandon

> Whose sounds so wild would
> In the days of childhood,
> Fling round his cradle
> Their magic spells.

On 23 February, 1815, he entered the Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, near the village of Clare, County Kildare, of which he says, "Even the sacred 'Groves of Blarney' do not so well deserve the honors of a pilgrimage as this haunt of classic leisure and studious retirement." There he studied for four years—years which left a lasting and indelible impression upon his mind; for he never forgot what he intellectually owed to his Jesuit teachers. The Jesuits not only excel as teachers or educationists, but seem to have a special aptitude for impressing themselves and their particular views upon the plastic minds of their pupils, who long retain the impress of the mould in which their minds have been formed.

The Society was his ecclesiastical first love, and, yielding to the attraction, he returned to Clongowes in 1825 as a Jesuit novice. The attraction of the religious life, however, was superficial and transient. After trying his "vocation" in Ireland and France, his Jesuit superiors, who understood him better than he understood himself, decided against his suitability to the clerical state, a decision which subsequent events unfortunately proved correct. Nevertheless he persisted in returning to Acheul and afterward to Rome for further trial. After attending the Jesuit College at Freiburg for a time and after a few months' hesitation as to the course he ought in prudence to pursue, he proceeded once more to Rome. At this time he continued with exemplary regularity to attend theological lectures for two years. The Jesuits still held to their opinion; but, as Father Mahony frankly acknowledged to

Monsignor Rogerson (who later had the privilege and happiness of reconciling him to the Church and administering to him the last Sacraments), he "was determined to enter the Church", that is, the ministry, "in spite of Jesuit opinion". Dimissory letters to that end were obtained from the Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, and he was ordained at Lucca in 1832.

Mr. Charles Kent, who has compiled a biography of him, rejects as erroneous the statement that he served on the mission in Cork City. But the late Mr. John Windele, the well known Irish antiquary, who must have known him well, says in his *Historical and Descriptive Notices of Cork* (1849) that he officiated there "for many years and subsequently in London", and that he had then (at the date of writing) received a clerical appointment in Malta "within the reach of scenes congenial to his tastes, which are eminently classical". Mr. Kent avers "as a simple matter of fact" that "he never returned to Cork after the date of his ordination". But this is not correct; he did return and officiate for a time as chaplain in his native city. A story is told of his departure from Cork, of which it may be said, "si non e vero, e bene trovato". It is related that before the Church of St. Patrick was built, but whilst it was in contemplation, he located what he thought would be a suitable site, and, without any authorization from the Bishop, purchased it from the owner, a Quaker, with that object in view. Dr. Murphy was not a prelate who would tolerate any irregular proceeding or allow anyone to forestall his decision or take the reins out of his hands. He declined to ratify it. When the purchaser went to announce this to the Quaker, the latter replied: "That is thy affair, friend Mahony; thou hast bought it and thou must stand by thy bargain." Mahony was in a quandary, but his ready wit got him out of it. The Quaker had a terrace of houses overlooking the site. Mahony had a board put up with the announcement, "This site to be let for a cemetery". The Quaker, fearing that he would lose his tenants by such a transformation of the plot of ground, soon released Father Mahony from his premature purchase.

When in London he more than once preached in the old embassy chapel in Spanish Place. The father of the present

writer, who was intimate with him, met him about this time in London, when the Padre gave him to understand that he was then officiating at St. Patrick's, Soho. He is also said to have assisted in his parochial work the well-known Dr. Magee, facetiously dubbed by O'Connell " the Abbot of Westminster ".

One at least of the reasons that led to his relinquishment of sacerdotal functions was that he soon realized that the Jesuits were right and that he was wrong. " Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." But though Mahony was no fool, he was, it must be admitted, rash and self-willed, as he frankly confessed. Still, he never lost his reverence for the priesthood *per se*, however freely he may have spoken or written of men of his cloth. A scoffer at Christianity or a depreciator of Catholicism he abhorred, and he always resented any slight put upon him in his priestly character. His book affords evidence of his lingering leaning toward the Jesuits, notwithstanding their adverse judgment. Indeed, his very voluntary retirement from the sanctuary and abandonment of the clerical garb and clerical functions have been attributed, at least in part, to his innate reverence for the sacred office for which, too late, he realized that he had no vocation in the strict sense of the word. He loved to read his breviary, which to the last remained his constant companion, and he assumed a semi-ecclesiastic costume. He never lost the faith and was never ecclesiastically censured. The *Tablet*, having once referred to him as " a suspended priest ", was summarily challenged by him to prove its assertion in a court of law, Mahony laying his damages at $10,000; with the result that an apology was instantly offered, and the charge unconditionally withdrawn. Nothing has transpired which leaves any stain upon his moral character.

Dropping gradually out of association with ecclesiastics, he found congenial companions among the editors and contributors to magazines and the leading newspapers—Thackeray, Dickens, his brilliant fellow-countryman and fellow citizen Maginn, and others of that school who used to foregather in Fraser's bookshop in Regent Street, then one of the resorts of London *literati*, and situate not far from the Chapel of the Bavarian Legation in Warwick Street, where he had officiated for a short time. He soon ranked among the best and bright-

est wits of the epoch and devoted himself wholly to a literary life. He became the *decus et tutamen* of *Fraser's Magazine* in which the *Reliques*—collected and published in book form in 1836, and of which an enlarged edition was issued in 1860—first appeared. Archbishop McHale, the distinguished Irish churchman—the "John of Tuam" whom Daniel O'Connell was wont to call "the lion of the fold of Judah"—once rebuked a person whom he overheard reprehending Mahony. The Archbishop observed that, after all, the Irishman who wrote the *Prout Papers* was an honor to his country. Not much read nowadays, the book was the talk of the town at a time when the grandfathers of the present generation were young men. It contains a curious mixture of fun and frivolity, of sense and nonsense, of wit and wisdom, of literary culture and keen criticism—gems of humor and gems of scholarship scattered in sparkling profusion over pages seemingly written, as it were, on the spur of the moment. The writer's acquaintance with classic authors is rather pedantically paraded, but this may be pardoned for the admirable rendering of some of Horace's neatly turned odes. He was an ideal translator. He is at his best in his free translations of the *Songs of France*, particularly Béranger's, which are very spirited. The Italian phrase, "traduttore traditore", cannot be applied to him, nor can he be charged with what he calls the clumsy servility of adhering to the letter whilst allowing the spirit to evaporate. He never fails to interpret faithfully the spirit and sense of the original, which is sometimes most felicitously conveyed; in fact he occasionally surpasses the original. He is equally skillful in his renderings of the *Songs of Italy*; whether he is coining the pure gold of Dante's matchless verse into the current coin of English undefiled by colloquial vulgarisms, or the limpid lines of Petrarch, Tolomei, Filicia, or other sweet songsters of the South.

The quaint conceit of the alleged plagiarisms of Moore, the originals of some of whose "Irish Melodies" he pretends to have discovered in French, Greek, Latin, or other authors, of course deceived no one, but served to show his wonderful versatility as a linguist. For this he makes amends to Moore by incidentally observing that the same melodies made Cath-

olic Emancipation palatable to the generous and thinking portion of the English people and won the cause silently, imperceptibly, and effectively.

Passing from gay to grave, he pays a debt of gratitude he owed to the educators of his youth, the Irish Jesuits, enthusiastically extolling the large share which the intellectual and highly-disciplined followers of the soldier-saint of Pampeluna had in the making of modern literature, and quoting a long array of distinguished names in support of his thesis. "There is not," he declares, "a more instructive and interesting subject of inquiry in the history of the human mind than the origin, progress, and workings of what are called monastic institutions. It is a matter on which I have bestowed not a little thought, and I may one day plunge into the depths thereof in a special dissertation." That day never came, and Mahony, to use his own words, suffered his wit and wisdom to evaporate "in magazine squibs and desultory explosions". It will always be a matter of regret that he did not concentrate his fine talents and extensive erudition on some sustained work that would take a higher and more enduring place in literature than the *Reliques*.

Besides his writings for *Fraser's*, he contributed to *Bentley's Magazine* from 1837. The reprinted edition of *The Bentley Ballads* is prefaced by a biographical sketch of Father Mahony by his fellow countryman Mr. Sheehan, a London journalist. At the request of Charles Dickens, the first editor of the *Daily News*, he acted as Rome correspondent of that journal. At that time (1843) Dr. Grant, the saintly Bishop of Southwark, drew him in his own sweet way, as Mgr. Rogerson expresses it, once more within the sanctuary, when for the last time he stood vested before the altar. An affectionate mutual greeting took place many years subsequently between the prelate and the priest when they accidentally met in Paris. His letters to the *Daily News* were republished in book form under the title of *Facts and Figures from Italy*, by Dom Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk. Years afterward his Italian version of Millikin's "Groves of Blarney" was sung by Garibaldian soldiers, awakening echoes in the groves on the shores of the Lake of Como. Journalism, during his later years, absorbed all his time and attention. The last twelve or fifteen

years of his life were spent as Paris correspondent of the *Globe*, a post he filled up to within a fortnight of his death.

He was a very traveled man and had roamed over Egypt, Greece, Hungary, and Asia Minor. His life was, indeed, erratic in that sense. "I have been a sojourner in many lands," he says. "I early landed on the shores of Continental Europe and spent my best and freshest years in visiting her cities, her collegiate halls, her historic ruins, her battle-fields. But I have paused longest at Rome. I aspired to the Christian priesthood in that city, which the Code of Justinian, in the absence of mere Scriptural warrant, calls the fountain of sacerdotal honor, *fons sacerdotii.*"

It was at Rome took place the accidental imaginary meeting between "the lone incumbent of Watergrasshill" and James Barry, the painter of the Adelphi cartoons, both Corkmen. Standing in the Piazza del Popolo, musing on many things, Prout had just alighted from the clumsy vehicle of his Florentine vetturino. Barry's wonderment at discovering his quondam acquaintance in a semi-ecclesiastical garb was not the least amusing feature in the group presented under the pedestal of Aurelian's obelisk, which flung its lengthy shadow across the spacious piazza as the glorious Italian sun still lingered on the verge of the horizon. After an adjournment to the Osteria della Sybilla, where they drank from sparkling Orvieto to the health of Edmund Burke, they parted at a late hour. "Barry," relates Prout, "had but to cross the street to his modest stanzina in the Vicolo del Greco; I tarried for the night in the cave of 'the sybil', and dreamt over many a frolic of bygone days, over many a deed of Roman heroism; commingling the recollections of Tim Delaney with those of Michael Angelo, and alternately perambulating in spirit the Via Sacra and Blarney Lane."

He was a familiar figure to the cultured Parisians of his day. Blanchard Jerrold describes him trudging along the Boulevards with his arms clasped behind him, his nose in the air, his hat worn as French caricaturists insist all Englishmen wear hat or cap; his quick, clear, deep-seeking eye wandering sharply to the right or left, and sarcasm—not of the sourest kind—playing like Jack-o'lantern in the corners of his mouth. Apart from his threadbare black garb and shambling gait,

there were personal traits of character about him which caught the attention almost at a glance, and piqued the curiosity of even the least observant wayfarer. The "roguish Hibernian mouth," noted by Mr. Gruneisen, and the grey piercing eyes, that looked up at you so keenly over his spectacles, won your interest in him, even upon a first introduction. From the mocking lip soon afterward—if you fell into conversation with him—came the loud, snappish laugh with which, as Mr. Blanchard remarks, the Father so frequently evidenced his appreciation of a casual witticism—uproarious fits of merriment signalizing at other moments one of his own ironical successes; outbursts of fun, followed during his later years by the racking cough with which he was then tormented. His "pipes", as he called his bronchial tubes, he mistakenly regarded as the only weak point in his constitution, his physical strength having been mainly undermined by diabetes. That disease, in the midst of a complication of maladies and infirmities, first showed its effect in the excessive depression it superinduced in his naturally hilarious temperament.

His life in his closing years was that of a recluse. About six weeks before his demise, his illness assumed an unmistakably menacing character. He did then what he had done three years previously when attacked by severe indisposition —he sent round to St. Roch, his parish church, for the Abbé Rogerson. Thenceforth, day after day, the latter was sedulously in attendance upon him. The spiritual adviser of the lonely wit became his friend, his guide, his consoler. He found him at times testy and irascible. For instance, on one occasion when the Abbé made his appearance at his door, which generally stood open, Mahony called out with some asperity: "I'm busy." "All right," was the reply, "and not very civil to-day." That same evening the confessor received a penciled note on the back of Mahony's card: "If you will poke up a bear in his hours of digestion, you must expect him to growl." On another occasion, when the confessor suggested to his penitent a visit to the famous church of Notre Dame des Victoires, as it was the centre of the Archconfraternity for the Conversion of Sinners as well as a place of pilgrimage to which people of all classes, including the Empress Eugenie, repaired to seek and to find solace in anguish,

Mahony, after listening silently and sullenly, broke out: "Don't talk to me of localizing devotion. God is to be met with in all places. The canopy of heaven is the roof of His temple; its walls are not our horizon." "Excuse me," calmly replied Mgr. Rogerson, "I am speaking to you under the impression that you are a Catholic wishful to resume his duty. Byron has given us his rhapsodies in some such fashion as this. Pray let me speak as a priest and a believer. If you find me limited and illiberal, seek some one else." Mgr. Rogerson says he deemed it advisable at once to claim his position unhesitatingly. He did so effectually. Mahony never again displayed any impatience of control or pride of intellect, but became docile and tractable. His confessor had been prepared for these characteristic sallies by overhearing the remark of an Irish dignitary who, when conversing with another bishop on the subject of Father Prout, said, "I should fear him even dying". The reply of the prelate addressed was: "I should covet no greater grace than to see poor Frank prepared to die well." When listening to those words the Abbé Rogerson little expected, he says, that his were to be the privilege and the responsibility. It came to pass on the evening of Friday, 18 May, 1866, at Father Mahony's apartment in the entresol of 19 Rue des Moulins, under circumstances of great consolation both to confessor and penitent. In a note dated "6 o'clock evening" he wrote as follows, with reference to his intended general confession: "Dear and Reverend Friend—I am utterly unfit to accomplish the desired object this evening, having felt a giddiness of head all the afternoon, and am now compelled to seek sleep. It is my dearest wish to make a beginning of this merciful work, but complete prostration of mind renders it unattainable just now. I will call in the morning and arrange for seeing you. Do pray for your penitent, F. Mahony."

His remorseful sense of having obtruded himself into the ministry was embodied by him in a document which Mgr. Rogerson presented on his behalf to Rome, when first he sought his aid toward reconciling him to the Church. This was in 1865 when, through the intermediary of the Archbishop of Paris, permission was obtained for him "to retire for ever," as he expressed it, "from the sanctuary", and to

resort to lay communion. Simultaneously he received a dispensation enabling him, in consideration of his failing eyesight and advancing age, to substitute the rosary or the penitential psalms for the Breviary Office. The petition was drawn up by himself, its completeness and Latinity exciting the surprise of the Roman ecclesiastical advocate charged with its presentation. Commenting upon this document, Mgr. Rogerson remarks that while Mahony's published specimens of classical and canine Latin are no doubt the wonder and amusement of scholars, his taking up his pen after years of disuse and in a couple of hours throwing off an ecclesiastical paper full of technical details and phraseology was, to say the least of it, very remarkable. Three years before the end came, the Abbé had the happiness of restoring his penitent to practical life in the Church, though, greatly to the confessor's regret, only in the degree of lay communion.

At the beginning of May, 1866, his state being very critical, the last Sacraments were administered to him by Mgr. Rogerson. That he was well prepared is evidenced by the following words in which the Abbé describes how he was received by Father Mahony on the last occasion on which he found him seated in his armchair, before he took to his bed: "Thanking me for my patient and persevering attention to him during his sickness, he asked pardon of me and of the whole world for offences committed against God and to the prejudice of his neighbor; and then, sinking down in front of me, with his face buried in his two hands and resting them on my knees, he received from me with convulsive sobs the words of absolution. His genial Irish heart was full to overflowing with gratitude to God, as a fountain released at this moment; and the sunshine of his early goodness had dispelled the darkness of his after-life, and he was as a child wearied and worn out after a day's wanderings, when it had been lost and was found, when it had hungered and was fed again. I raised him up, took him in my arms, and laid him on his bed as I would have treated such a little wanderer of a child; and left him without leave-taking on his part, for his heart was too full for words." He never rose from that bed again. He would see no one but his confessor. At the Abbé Rogerson's suggestion, however, he consented to see his former fellow-

novice of old days, Père Lefevre, his parting with whom is described as wonderfully touching. Two days afterward he received Extreme Unction at the hands of the Abbé Rogerson, assisted by the Abbé Chartrain. From that moment no articulate syllable passed his lips, and at about half-past nine o'clock at night on Friday, 18 May, 1866, he tranquilly expired in the presence of his sister, Mrs. Woodlock, and his confessor.

His remains were taken to Cork, and the obsequies, presided over by Bishop Delany and attended by about twenty priests, were celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, whence the funeral proceeded to the family burialplace in Upper Shandon graveyard, where reposes the priest-poet who sang so sweetly of the bells of Shandon. The first lines of the melodious metre in which he proclaimed their musical merits are still to be seen traced by his own hand on the wall of the room he once occupied in the Irish College at Rome. He rests beneath the steeple from which still, ever and anon, peal forth those same bells which once made melody in the sleeper's ears, a memory, to his thinking, surpassing that of the bell of Moscow, the thunderous tones from "old Adrian's mole", or those which

> . . . . . the dome of Peter
> Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly!

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Cork, Ireland.

OVER THE DESERT TO CONVENT ST. CATHARINE.

Practical Hints to Sinaitic Tourists.

TWO years or so past, I made up my mind to top a course of intensive preliminary studies with a vernal pilgrimage to the foremost among the international maritime health and quarantine stations of Egypt and Soudan. My plan duly matured in the spring of 1911.

The largest and most important of those stations is Tor, on the Sinaitic Peninsula, along the edge of the Desert El-Ka. The busy season at this post coincides with the annual return of pilgrims from Mecca; for the station can accommodate from

20,000 to 25,000 pilgrims, and aims to check the unwary smuggling of pestilence, cholera, dysentery, into Egypt.

To get away from Tor is even a far more circumstantial process than to land there, seeing that only once in a fortnight does a steamer of the Khedivial Mail come to anchor about a marine mile off shore, after touching at the charming Arabian resorts of Djedda and Jambo, where the bubonic plague enjoys freedom of the town. The traveler thus chancing must serve his two days of quarantine detention when he reaches Suez. But I took account of this knowledge in mapping out my route, and accordingly resolved to journey overland from Tor to Suez, with opportunity of visiting by the way the venerable Convent of Saint Catharine, at the foot of the Djebel Musa.

The like itinerary called for some perusal of works on Mount Sinai, besides a digression into the domain of Old Testament exegesis. But neither with these matters nor with quarantine data shall I trouble the reader: my sole object is to offer a few practical suggestions to future Sinaitic tourists, by the aid of my own marginal notes, as it were, while the trip is in progress. They may then perceive just how to initiate and compass a trip of the same kind: the very sort of information which is withheld by the bibliography of the subject.

In this connexion my thoughts gratefully recur to that amiable, helpful and experienced Sinai traveler, Dr. Franz Fellinger of Linz, who exerted himself in every way toward inducting me a little beyond Aleph or Alpha in Old Testament science.

Neither are very many tourists likely to share the good fortune of traveling, as was my lot, under the highly influential protection of the President of the International Board in Alexandria, Dr. M. Armand Ruffer.

A tour of the desert on any considerable scale, presupposes, besides physical health, a degree of self-denial, strength of will, and also trust in God; for no human aid is to be expected in the event of sickness or accidents.

Quite apart from the strictly scientific preparation, it is worth while to read a few topical books of travel. An excellent book of this class is Szczepanski's *Nach Petra zum*

Sinai.[1] Suitable for the actual tour will be Baedecker's *Palestine and Syria,* which contains both detailed itineraries and a number of good maps; whilst Père Barnabé Meistermann's *Guide du Nil au Jourdain par le Sinai et Petra,*[2] is an altogether superior work, reinforced with copious illustrations and maps, and showing an exceedingly exact report of distances. The author, then stationed in the Franciscans' Casa Nuova in Jerusalem, is rumored to be preparing a German issue of his volume.

The best season for travel begins midway in March and closes about the last of May. Before that the weather is too cold, with chances of rain or snow; later, too hot. By the middle of March a fresh north wind is intermittent and serves to keep down the already pretty high maximum of daily temperature within a fair average. But even in the advanced season the nights are apt to prove decidedly sharp and cold, off and on.

In view of the great fluctuations of temperature, and seeing that the route lies partly over high altitudes, woolen underclothing is indispensable in every article; and preferably Jäger's autumn weight. For outer garb a light tourist suit made of stout English wool answers fairly; and the shoes, for protection against snakes, ought to be of a very substantial type: yellow, laced boots, for instance, with soft leather gaiters. A long autumn-weight ulster is desirable for halts and stops over night. For headgear I selected a soft, wide-brimmed gray felt hat, capped by a second story, so to speak, and supplemented by a neck band. Hats of this pattern may be purchased in Cairo and are preferable to the tropical helmets; as being flexible, and better non-conductors of heat. Then, too, they can be worn on the journey homeward. Hats of similar fashion, but with single crown, and of thicker, drugget material, are worn by the German Colonial troops. The glaring Oriental heat is very liable to impart sunstroke, unless the head be well protected. Let the double hat be constantly worn while the heat is intense; whereas the upper hat can be removed in the shade.

[1] By Way of Petra to Sinai, Innsbrück, 1908.

[2] Guide from the Nile to Jordan by way of Sinai and Petra. Paris, 1909.

Like many other travelers, I was locally advised to journey in Bedouin garb, which counsel I rationally declined. The fact is, Europeans take far more advantageously in their "Frankish" habit. Disguise affords no defence against attacks, for the keen glance of the "child of the desert" sees through such masquerading a long way off. But anyhow, the tourist may as well buy one of those Bedouin cloaks, an *abaye,* in the Bazaar at Cairo, for protection against rain and cold at night, as also to serve as a cushion with the camel saddle.

A sleeping bag is in order at night. My own came from the Cologne firm of Ferdinand Jacob—Wagener style, waterproof, padded, equipped with four air bolsters; in short, the article suited me perfectly. But the air bolsters are wont to play the trick (in spite of tight screwing) of losing buoyancy just where one might most desire it. At first I would get awake soon after falling asleep, to perceive that my sedentary portion, bruised as it was the livelong day, rested very hard; whereas, right and left thereof, was an irrelevant luxury of elastic air cushions. Ultimately, even a stony bed ministers to sound sleep. I may personally recommend the much cheaper sleeping bag of grade I, with air pillows for the head, plus a small bolster filled with wool, and therefore useful for a saddle mat by day; considering the transit by camel, no difficult feat of guessing is required to resolve the bolster's use at night.

Whilst a tent enhances one's feeling of security and is positively necessary in the cooler season, it is not an easy matter to manage the loan of a tent, or if managed at all, the cost is generally high. Whoever plans a prolonged tour had better buy a tent of medium size at home; and where convenience is a minor factor, an Austrian army tent will meet the purpose, being easily put up and of compact volume when folded. Thanks to the Governing Board, I secured a large English army tent, over twelve feet in diameter, and a small tent for my servant, a so-called cooking tent. The Bedouins are wonderfully handy in setting up tents; first clearing every stone away and rearing a wall of sand between the floor and wall of the tent, lest some reptile or other creeping intruder slip in by night. In the desert a tent averts two disagreeable ailments, rheumatism and toothache. For although one sees

to revision and repairs of his teeth before the trip, all this is no downright warrant against the toothache; and still stranger to relate, that very tooth which seemed least capable of treachery, will be sure to ache first.

Hardly had I gone ashore at Alexandria when the delegated official who had been sent to meet me on board the Lloyd steamer, advised me to buy a defensive weapon, either a long-barreled pistol, or a large revolver, for the Sinai tour. This, too, I declined, because the Sinaitic Bedouins are pretty good people, save when irritated; and furthermore, they know right well that the strong hand of England bears rule in Egypt. When Palmer, in his day, was murdered within two days' march from Suez, along with two English officers, England made short work of the trial, and fifteen Bedouins were hanged in consequence. (The Bedouins give it out that Palmer had voluntarily dashed himself over a precipice when confronted with threats, but this tale seems hardly credible.) Our way of elaborate antecedent investigations is not practicable in the East; where the murderers are not discoverable, the simple alternative is to noose the brother, brother-in-law, Mr. Uncle, or any other convenient member of the tribe, his retinue to boot. No Bedouin is nowadays so unsophisticated as to murder a European on Sinai, except perhaps in the passion of strife. Accordingly, firearms may be left quietly at home, since in the desert this side the mountain range of Et-Tih life and property are far safer than in the capitals of Europe.

Strange to say, there are not a few Europeans in Egypt, persons of education among them, who seek to scare tourists from visiting the Sinai Peninsula, by dint of holding before them all conceivable dangers, especially the risk of being murdered. Not to mention warnings of that sort, I had also to listen in Cairo to a highly cultured gentleman's account of the "swarms" of scorpions and venomous snakes to be encountered. To this I calmly responded that there might be possibly a slight misunderstanding between us,—in fine, that I was not a paleographer. These croakers are of two categories: either those who never visited the Sinai Peninsula at all, or those who know the country very accurately, especially the Convent of St. Catharine and its world-renowned library, so that for this very reason they are fain to keep other visitors

at a distance. Perhaps a third group should still be adduced, the agents of certain tourist bureaus. In their case the aim is to paint the dangers so black that the traveler will get it into his head that he must by all means have an official dragon-slayer, to wit, a dragoman. I would give sober warning against these people, who tenfold increase the costs of travel; often they are ignorant of the way itself; whilst every trifle sets them to quarreling with the Bedouins, whom they render quite headstrong, to the tourist's aggravated discomfort. It is well, then, to listen tranquilly to the multitude of croakings and trust only in God and oneself. He who suffers himself to be scared away by such process is unworthy to share the glory of beholding Sinai. But Sinai merits a measure of sacrifice, together with a little personal courage and strength of will as travel companions.

Provisioning for the journey can best be managed in Cairo, where the latitude of selection is greater; although nowadays there are also large food stores in Suez. A very responsible warehouse in Cairo is that of the firm of Jules and Henri Fleurent. English canned goods are of the best quality and not expensive. Before actual purchase it is well to determine how long the trip is to last and what is the size of the daily requisition, because all the warehouses naturally strive to sell the tourist a maximum bill of supplies. But in any event it will be wise to procure something of a surplus to meet all contingencies, for instance, a ration to cover two days beyond the contemplated length of the trip. Moreover, make sure that the Beldouins always modestly recede at the camping place, without thought of sharing in the victuals. On the other hand, if one gives them portion now and then (but not every day), let it be some tea, coffee or macaroni; then they will thank you in so friendly a style as is not elsewhere experienced in the East. Never offer them pork, which they, being Mohammedans, abominate; nor hand them any spirituous drinks: for the cultivated European must esteem it an affair of conscience to keep the children of nature at a safe distance from poisons.

For my part, I was talked into gauging my supplies too liberally, so that for the profit and weal of others, I will communicate my bill of fare. In the morning before marching,

a bowl of warm tea without sugar, and some biscuits. For daily use I kept an aluminum flask, cased in felt; and at evening this was filled with unsweetened weak tea, the best quencher of thirst. Such flasks keep the contained beverage properly cool, especially if the felt be moistened. I would caution people against the so-called thermos or insulated flasks, inasmuch as during the unavoidable jolts which accompany the lading and unlading of the camel, they are liable to grow brittle, so as easily to burst when hot tea is poured in. And though the flask stay intact, there still remains the disadvantage that the contents take all of twenty-four hours to cool off. But a hot drink in the scorching heat of the desert is a torment.

It is out of the question to make a fire at the midday halt; and then, too, the camels of burden are seldom at hand, being frequently far ahead. For this reason and owing to the shortness of the halt, there are only cold cakes with noon lunch, and these are stowed on one's immediate saddle camel that morning. My noon meal consisted of a piece of bread and a can of sterilized Swiss condensed milk of a grade rarely found at home. On this diet I fared remarkably well and incline to credit it with the fact that I bore the afternoon heat so favorably. But if the like fare appear too meagre, let a box of sardines be tried. The principal meal occurs at evening, terminating the day's ride. I then enjoyed a cup of Maggi soup with macaroni and Parmesan cheese, followed by canned meat. In this line much variety is afforded. The regulation can of meat weighs one pound, and that abundantly suffices; compatibly too with the tourist's ideal, which, after eight to ten hours on camel back, is to sleep and sleep again, quite undisturbed on the score of scorpions and poisonous snakes, leopards, howling jackals, and hyenas. Among the canned meats, all of which must be warmed up over a fire, I particularly tried roast beef, corned beef, young hare with dumplings, and small sausages.

In the way of beverages, whiskey and wine were urgently recommended me. To begin with, I had two flasks of Scotch whiskey, a flask of brandy, together with six pint bottles of Médoc. But I was told in Suez that this was far from enough. Then I bought another flask of whiskey. The fate of these

alcoholics will appear to the reader partly forthwith, partly in sequel. Very soon I perceived that in the desert every phase of alcohol, were it even only a few spoonfuls of whiskey in water after sunset, decidedly depressed the bodily powers of resistance. The day's individual ration would therefore comprise, besides tea or chocolate, Maggi soup extract, macaroni, Parmesan cheese, a box of sardines or condensed milk, and a can of meat, for the evening meal. English cakes are a convenient and freely digestible bite in the course of the day. The food supply, together with appurtenances like spirit boiler, spirits, corkscrews, and can-openers, is packed by the dealers in secure boxes, and should be sent to Suez docks, in warehouse. The storage fee amounts to a few cents a day.

A small family medicine chest is recommended for the journey, both for personal use and because the Bedouins take every European to be a physician, and beg for medicines. In the latter article, the best shift is to furnish a ready purgative, such as sagrada, or tamarind tablets. Such medicine is much in request through the East, and easily wins for the donor the name of a good physician. In the Convent on Sinai, the steward showed me their medicine chest as well. In the main it was a castor oil vault. It was in Palestine that I made the acquaintance of a German physician who has a large practice among the natives. And he disclosed to me the secret of his success: castor oil in emulsion, tinted in the natural color, as well as in blue, red, green. Internal remedies of note are quinine in tablet form, tincture of opium, Hoffmann's drops. For inflammation of the eyes, *collyrium adstringens luteum*, of which a few drops are dripped into the eyes. For various injuries, keep in readiness a supply of cotton, gauze, Byrolin ointment in tubes, and some skin powder. For antidote to scorpion stings, use a few crystals of permanganate of potash, rubbed in the wound. Better first clench the teeth and enlarge the wound with a sharp knife. The same treatment applies to snake bites. Some European physicians long active in the East and commanding large experience herein, advised me that in supplement to the foregoing procedure one should swallow cognac to the point of intoxication, a remedy of hoary age, and, as it seems, never rejected.

For that matter, there is no occasion for inordinate fear of scorpions and snakes. These creatures prevalently lurk under stones and in proximity to water. Neither Professor Fellinger nor I saw a single scorpion. Once I remarked a rather large specimen of the snake family, but it fled as we approached.

Besides provisions and family medicines, a further list of articles remains to be procured in Cairo. One good thing is a camel sack, which may be had of the tent-makers, and also a coarse woolen cover for the very hard saddle. To lovers of nature I would especially recommend, if they visit the Sinai Peninsula by way of Tor, that they utilize the shipping card in the agency of the Khedivial Mail Line at Cairo. The local agent, Mr. Munari, speaks German, and is a very obliging man, very willing to assist tourists, and as far as possible he places his negro servant at the traveler's disposal for shopping in the Bazaar. The servant is fluent in German, which he melts in the accent of Berlin. Even with the fee to the servant, one buys cheaper than alone.

In Cairo two important documents must be secured—a card of permit for visiting the Peninsula, from the Egyptian Ministry of War, which is to be presented for signature to the English passport officer in Suez, Falconer Bey; and a letter of recommendation to the Metropolitan of the Sinaitic monks. Without this letter there is no admission to the Convent of Saint Catharine. Both documents are provided by the resident Consul, but I preferred a personal introduction to the Archbishop, which the Director of the Khedivial Library, Dr. Moriz, was good enough to obtain for me. The recommendation must have been impressive, for I was allowed to handle and turn over the leaves even of the most valuable manuscripts, which otherwise are shown merely at a distance, behind a grating.

At this point a few words may be said concerning the only, and unfortunately unavoidable, means of transport through the desert, the camel. Before starting I went over once more to Schönbrunn in order to inspect the "ship of the desert" quite minutely, and I resolved that the camel has a very high back, to be sure, but in other features is altogether a lovely creation. To my regret we could not meet at short range,

for the reason that in Schönbrunn the visitors are strictly forbidden to feed the animals. In Egypt the creature began to attract me sensibly less, when I noticed that the camel is a pacer, and that the rider must thereby endure very unpleasant oscillations. At Assuan I attempted a personal approach by holding out a crisp cake, but was repelled with a snarl that suggested some snappish cur. Even then the thought began to dawn on me that the camel, despite his properly good qualities, is only a dumb animal; and this thought grew into the texture of firm conviction during the desert journey.

If, after a rough day's ride, the camel for undiscerned reasons takes a notion to strike up a brief gallop, then, true enough, the poor rider by no means hears the choir of all angels, but feels rather so profound a pain in the spinal extremity that he could himself nearly sing in his anguish. Then and there I resolved, in order to postpone any further sad disillusions, never again to mount a camel unless grim necessity thereto constrained me.

The observation that one cannot grow seasick on camel back seems to me mistaken. I am rather convinced that those incessant, somewhat pronounced pendulum swings are liable to produce nausea and indisposition with sensitive constitutions.

When the long and agitated course of our steamer El-Kahira through the deep blue Red Sea was at an end, and we sighted the Sinai Peninsula, there drew near to me the negro ship's commissary to solicit the drafting of a certificate; for the authorities in Suez keep close watch on all passengers who cross the Red Sea, and require to know the country and ultimate site of one's destination. My goal, Tor, seemed to startle the good negro, who looked at me quite aghast.

In Suez my first errand was to the freight warehouse, for my supplies were there. The next step was to buy some tobacco, the Bedouins being great smokers and apt to stay in good temper if they get a few packets every evening. I bought fifty packages of smoking tobacco, three hundred cigarettes, and fifty cigars for twenty piastres. Experience showed that this quantity was not gauged too high.

Our Austrian Consul, whom I naturally acquainted with my design, was one of the few people who declared my tour to be

free from danger. More or less officially, too, I visited the Director of Quarantine, Dr. Josef Batko, a Pole by birth; in whose family I spent a most agreeable evening after my return from Sinai. The tourist who chooses the overland route to Suez will do well to pay his respects to Director Batko, so as to preclude all manner of difficulties on arriving in the Chat. But of this in its place. What here calls for remark is the circumstance that with the quarantine physicians infectious diseases, even bubonic plague and tuberculosis, have lost every sting. My good colleague explained to me, among other points of interest, that probably some cases of smallpox would soon be due by the Indian steamers. This prophesying sounded not unlike a greengrocer's announcement to the cook that this year's potatoes would be presently in the market.

In the afternoon I had a call from the Russian Vice-Consul, Dr. Manolakis, who handed me the letter of credentials from the Archbishop, by way of the Sinaitic Convent in Suez; withal adding a note to Father Polykarpos, omnipotent steward of the Convent of St. Catharine. I found Dr. Manolakis to be an extremely accommodating gentleman. Inasmuch as the Czar is sovereign protector of the Sinaitic religious, his official representative also counts very appreciably with the monks; for which reason I recommend every traveler to Sinai to pay him a visit. Dr. Manolakis is a physician in vogue, and speaks Italian, French, and English. His villa near the Hotel Bel Air borders a lagoon with orange-red water.

It was in the evening hours of 6 March that the steamer *Missir* left Suez. The fact that a passenger for Tor was on board had become known, and he was regarded with awe. My qualifications as *Hakim* seemed popular warrant for curiosity of the sort, and one of the natives pointed to me, saying to his neighbor with a twitch of the shoulders, *Hakim* (physician). The first cabin's company was rather mixed: a Turkish First Lieutenant, son of the sheriff of Djedda, richly attired; *item,* two Bedouin sheiks; the newly appointed French Consul at Djedda, with his young wife and two serving maids. The party seemed so hopeful that I trust they may experience no disappointment in Djedda. There was also a Jewish passenger, and Mr. N. W. de Courcy, chief architect of the Board of Administration. This affable Englishman was the "only

sympathetic heart beneath so many masks"; and with him I exchanged the customary social glasses. We were the sole passengers for Tor. The saloon on board the *Missir* measures about eight feet in diameter; being surrounded by the cabins containing three berths each. Having promptly apprehended the merit of the baksheesh, I secured a cabin to myself.

By 7 o'clock of the next morning, our goal was reached. As guest of the Board, I was spared the never very comfortable, though perfectly safe transit to the Sinaitic Convent by sail boat; for the camp director, Dr. Zachariades Bey came aboard and conveyed me to the station in a steam launch. The process of embarking and disembarking in the East is altogether summary. Before one thinks of it, he is handled simply like a bag of meal, and stowed away. Then follows the baggage, over which the passenger is often more concerned than for himself; because the pieces are let down from the hull. Thus, at Port Said, I noticed how the tropical helmet of a *Reverend* was attached by its chin straps to the boat hooks, and so transferred to the small boat.

Tor (that is to say, the sanitary station Tor) is nowadays a purely English colony, though during the season some German, French, or Greek physicians are also active. President Ruffer had already made complete arrangements by telegraph, and reserved for me a room in the President's house. Still more, before his departure for Paris he sent his private cook and rifle charger, Achmed Hamza, a guard of the Board's, to Tor with instructions to attend me on the tour as factotum. Achmed, a Berber of about 30 years, proved himself a very handy, model valet, who even in the desert retained the habits of a well-trained English servant, and every evening "laid the table" by dint of my water chest no less punctiliously than if it had stood in the drawing-room at Ramleh. When we parted in Suez, I nominated him, free of charge, for Pasha.

Other travellers go by sail boat to the village of Tor, quite remote from the camp, where they find shelter in the Sinaitic Convent. For the most part the monks use only modern Greek and Arabic; although it might be possible to make out with them tolerably in Italian. Just here a word on the language question. Any one who speaks French, Italian, or English can get along perfectly. The solitary traveller is

advantaged by a little Arabic; but a few terms will suffice, and these one may learn from the really excellent Meyer's *Guides to Language*. I had "A Little Meyers" in pocket: Italian, English, Modern Greek, and Arabic; much to the amusement of the Englishwomen in Tor. Conversation with the Bedouins was managed by Achmed, who spoke English and Arabic.

Where caravan business is forward, the Egyptian official Nasir is always at hand; a right friendly man, who understands French and English. My own concerns with the Archimandrite and the Nasir were transacted that afternoon by Mr. Director Zachariades Bey. Contrary to common report, the procedure was quiet and smooth. Most tourists are subject to the taprooted impression that they are going to be overreached. But there is a fixed scale of rates in force, by Government regulation; and the same applies alike to Egyptian officials, pilgrims, and tourists. The latter pay, by camel reckoning, 120 piastres, or about six dollars, from Tor to Convent St. Catharine. The money is taken over by the steward, who seals it and conveys it to the sheik. I was personally present when Father Polykarpos opened the package on Sinai and paid the Bedouins in full. I paid for four camels, including two saddle camels: one for the tent and baggage; in which connexion the Nasir assured me that he would himself select the animals. The contract was drawn up in duplicate, and signed by the Archimandrite and by myself; then sealed by the sheik. The Nasir has a list of authorized sheiks and appoints the one whose turn is instant. Thus it happened that my guide was Sebeijjin Muse, although the President had thought of Sheik Mudakhel for me. They are all trustworthy and at home in their topography. Since the sheik has charge of the camel drivers, the tourist has only to indicate his wishes to the sheik alone: otherwise it may chance that a Bedouin, especially if some servant or dragoman assumes to dispense orders, will explain: "I mind none but the sheik." With friendly treatment, these people are very obliging, and never wax importunate.

Yonder transactions over, the warehouses were visited to the end of completing my outfit. Only when well on my way, did I fully learn to appreciate the thoughtfulness accorded me

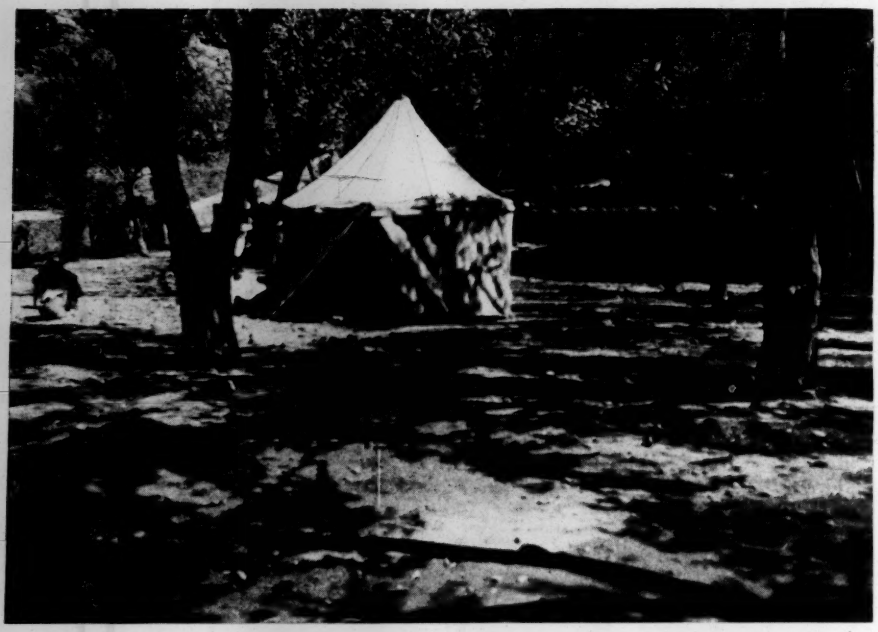
in this regard by Mrs. Broadbent, the Directress of the establishment, in coöperation with the Director. For instance, I found a small hearth, kitchen utensils, plates, cups, two large lanterns with candles, a wash basin and bath towel, a barrel of water and a folding camp chair with support for the back; which is quite an invaluable article of furniture when it comes to resting. Achmed had bought a bag of charcoal at my charge.

The journey began about a quarter to ten on the morning of 8 March. After a hearty farewell and thanks for hospitality, it was in order to mount camel back. The Nasir had kept his word: six camels in prime condition lay camped before the President's House. It was explained to me that the number of camels need cause no mistake, since only four were to be paid for. I had often read about the rider's manœuvring with reference to climbing the camel, so as not to fall down as soon as mounted; but a venerable thing is theory: all this was forgotten. The sheik on my right, Achmed on the left, held their arms on guard, and soon I sat safe and sound on the ship of the desert. At the same instant, there was a snapping of kodaks, another good-bye, a waving of the hat, and off I was for the solitary desert with six Bedouins and Achmed. Where man is inwardly stirred to depths of emotion, but prefers not to give free course to such mood, then the next moments can be conveniently tided by a pinch of snuff or a cigarette. I chose the latter, and was agreeably diverted to find how easy the lighting proved, in spite of the rocking movement. One grows quickly at home to the camel's back; and having both hands clear, one may eat, drink, read, and even write. Only, the latter pastime is to be recommended exclusively to very great scholars; forasmuch as in their case it is quite immaterial if they write illegibly.

I chose the route through the Wadi es-Sle, whose peculiarities can be followed in Szczepanski's work. A grander mountainous landscape will hardly be discovered. The first five hours lead one through the flat, herbless desert El-Ka. But I could descry nought in the way of those "yawning chasms and gaping abysses" mentioned by Szczepanski, who rode by night. Shortly before the entrance gorge of es-Sle, one must dismount, as the road sinks abruptly downward. No new-

Chapel of Elias on Mount Musa

Two Sinai Inhabitants
(Greek Monks)



Author's Tent in Convent Grounds, Mount Sinai

First Stop in Wadi es-Sle

comer finds fault with this necessity. After half an hour's march, the sheik gives the word to mount again. This time, better progress is perceptible. One finds the process of getting down a great deal more obnoxious, in that many camels drop quite suddenly to their knees, thereby causing the rider to cling tightly to the saddle plug. In es-Sle we encountered the first Bedouins. They reach forth their hands to my guide, and embrace amid whispered greetings. Whoever beholds these grave Biblical figures for the first time in this attitude, understands the Saviour's grief when He spoke: "Judas, dost thou betray the son of man with a kiss?" None but good friends embrace; others pass by with a brief salutation.

About 2.30 P. M. I got half an hour's rest; then, off again till 5.30, when, after the matter of eight hours' ride for that day (9.45 A. M. to 5.30 P. M.), the tents were set up. First night in the desert! Who is likely to sleep at once, where the heart is filled with such magnified impressions. I again stepped forth from my tent. At some distance crouched those gaunt, sunburned figures, to whom for the impending transit my life was intrusted; they were now illumined with the ruddy glow, as they huddled about the camp fire, whilst beside them in the fringe of darker background lay the camels like black mounds, as they chewed their durra fodder. My glances tended involuntarily skyward; but the clouds continued stark motionless; not a glimmer of light is visible; no voice resounds from above. The time has not yet come which is to renew the glad tidings of the Gospel to these unfortunates; that Gospel which their forefathers forsook these long centuries past in order to follow Islam.

The first night was rounded; but the unaccustomed camping, the strenuous ride of the day before, did not conspire to beget quiet sleep. Strange noises roused me during the night. Could this have been the howling of hyenas? I doubt it not in the least that hyenas howl by night in the desert; only, I think that many a tourist is deluded by his excited imagination, and that often the very loud snorting of the camels is mistaken for howling of hyenas. Prolonged sleepers in the desert there are none; so I rose at daybreak; when behold, my man Achmed was already brewing tea and preparing warm water for washing. Since the preceding evening he had hired a

scullion, in the shape of a droll young *Gebeli Gimel,* camel driver; who struck my attention by the fact that he wore a European overcoat, although nothing but the lining was now left of it! Gebeli ought to have been of compound construction, to be taken apart at will; seeing that he was incessantly in demand by all the company during the hours of evening rest. When the tents went up, he pounded like one possessed, with his wooden mallet on the tent pegs, and was always in good humor. The camel that bore the tents was his unique property, which supported his wife and child as well as himself. To the question, did this suffice him? "Yes," he answered seriously: "God bestows His blessing therewith."

Although the Bedouins work very briskly, the marching preliminaries take up at least an hour; forasmuch as the tents must be struck, and the camels brought in from foraging their scanty breakfast here and yonder, in order to be laden. These curious animals make a frightful din in the operation: a noise comparable to lamentation, growls, and bellowing, all at once. Most unmannerly is the same beast when one mounts him; no sooner does he perceive such intention than he tries to bite and career, so that the Bedouin presses the camel's head with all his might to the ground, until the rider is firmly seated. But once in motion, the creature behaves itself decorously. Thanks to the circumspection of my man Achmed, who looked after the baggage and was loath to see me move a hand, I could observe the lively exotic performance with the freedom of a passive beholder. The Bedouin's first care was to get the Chawadscha's, or master's camel, in readiness for the march. Still in advance of the caravan, and accompanied only by the aged proprietor of my mount, Gimar Taema, I left the camping site. The landscape acts with such fascination over the gazer, the feeling of security controls one so completely, that one loses all thought of those earlier warnings about attacks and untoward surprises. After barely an hour's march, Gimar pointed to the road, and made motions to dismount. And since on that rocky ground the camel cannot lie down, the rider must let himself down after the fashion of a schoolboy over a lofty stile. But what of that? in the desert one has many things to learn. After protracted clambering over the rocks, the road improved for us again, making it

possible to ride. After four and three quarter hours of march, I gained an hour's rest in Wadi Tarfa, about 12.30 P. M.

On the third day of the journey, Friday, 10 March, I left camp about seven o'clock, on the Rahabe plateau. Only a few hours now separate us from our goal, but this time there was need of continual dismounting, inasmuch as the camels could make their way along the partly impassable, steep and rocky paths only with severe effort. But suddenly our destination looms into view, the cloistered fortress in its world-forgotten vale, flanked by its massive buttress of Djebel Musa and ed-Der. The sight of the spot where, tradition has it, Jehovah first revealed himself to Moses: "I am that I am," was so overpowering that I stood with uncovered head, lost in meditation.

About a quarter before noon, and after twenty-one and a half hours' riding, the caravan reached the outer cloister gate, which opened only after considerable delay. Neither does anybody in the broad cloister court invite the strangers to come in: like so many walls the camels continue standing, and the men beside them. For weal or woe, I had to open my trunk outside, and send my letters of recommendation into the yard, where Brother Miltiades received them and vanished. A good while afterward, he returned and silently motioned to me to follow. Though fairly tall, I could easily stay upright while walking through the narrow passage in shape of a Greek zeta. In the divan of the cloister, I was greeted officially, in the presence of the Archimandrite and the steward, Father Polykarpos, who is fluent in Italian and French. When the letters of credentials had been perused, mastic brandy, black coffee and cigarettes were handed about; and then the steward asked me where I would lodge. I might either sojourn in the cloister, or set up my tent at liberty in the environment. I chose the latter privilege, and asked leave to camp in the cloister garden. There, indeed, under olive trees and blossoming apricots, with the antiquated cisterns of turban design on the right; their precious water coming from Djebel Musa; and on the left, the monks' burial vault: one felt quite in the mood, only the nights were like ice. Nevertheless, I would select this very spot another time. But again, communication with the cloister is not unobstructed; for the small

gate is always barred, and the bell-handle happens to be one story high, so that only practised climbers can reach it. This being the situation, I once asked Achmed concerning the man's wash-room; although nothing short of the Arabic *Mustarah* revealed to him my want. A handy Bedouin then led me to a pool, visible far below; kept clapping his hands to disperse the poultry, and thereupon, turning toward me, he made a gesture to approach. Already versatile to new phenomena, I simply uttered a resigned "all right", and so descended to Tartarus.

In these times the cloister's guest rooms are very clean, habitably ordered, furnished with soft carpets, and answerable even to somewhat fastidious requirements.

Shortly after the formal introduction, began the medical routine; seeing that a *Hakim* is but rarely encountered in Convent St. Catharine. I deem it worth while to state that from the Archimandrite to the humblest monk, bodily cleanliness and linen left nothing to censure. It is altogether singular, how discreditably German tourists in particular, write about people whose hospitality they previously enjoyed. Are there then in our own cloisters no brethren in service whose hands in the wake of coarse work are not so neat as may be presupposed of ladies who receive the manicure's visit every morning? The result of one's examination, and still more the subsequent inspection of the tombstones, gave food for reflection. Except rheumatism, there appears to be no disease in the cloister. Death gains admission only when at last ardently welcomed by some weary brother of eighty or ninety years. Here a physician were liable to starve. But in the same cloister, two unsalaried physicians are always active, and they never make a professional mistake: namely, the fresh mountain air, and strict diet; especially during the main fasting season. Flesh meat and wine are never to be seen on the Sinaitic table. The frugal meal consists of bread, fish, vegetables, and fruit, set off with a small glass of mastic brandy, their home product; which, however, is always drunk diluted with water. In the capacity of examining physician, one gains a closer insight into the mode of living and its reactive effects. Among the many monks examined, I discovered no trace of alcoholism. This fact is to be expressly brought out, because on this point, again, descriptive tourists incur the fault of downright want of tact.

More than once, as I listened to the monks chanting their Psalms in that archaic Basilica, I put to myself the question: just what moved these men to quit their sunny Greek home, in order to pass their lives here in harsh solitude? Sloth? No, for they work their gardens. Epicureanism? Even the poor Bedouin from time to time brings down an ibex or a bird, and feasts himself with the dainty roast thereof. Avarice? But even if the Convent is wealthy, the individual enjoys nought of that wealth. Only living faith and profound sense of religion (perhaps, indeed, clothed in too rigid forms) could have induced these men to retire into Jethro's Valley.

On returning to the tent to drink my noonday milk, I found myself in quite altered surroundings. By command of the steward, Brother Miltiades had fitted up my tent with a straw mat, a finely-covered table with glasses, knife and fork, and some seats. What a treat is the like scale of convenience! Travelling in the desert brings one properly to the consciousness that contentment stands in direct relation to independence of wants.

The following day was devoted to the ascent of Djebel Musa. For nominal fee one may hire a monk and a Bedouin as companions. It is not advisable to go alone, because one may easily miss the path among the boulders, and fail to visit the isolated, locked chapels. The ascent may be recommended even to those who are not free from dizziness. The pilgrims' stairway, a *lucus a non lucendo,* consists of so many medium-sized rocks, over which one must climb as best he can. The route occupies two hours; yet my attendant, Brother Constantine, who spoke Italian, kept telling me with reassurance, I should only walk right slowly; that people who labored with pen and ink were not used to mountain climbing. In three hours I reached the summit, from which one can admire a part of the imposing mass of Sinai, washed by the sea on both sides of its promontory. On the way down, Biblical explorers visit Ras es Safsaf, whence Moses is supposed to have announced the Ten Commandments to the congregation of Israel. A chapel crowns the pinnacle of *Musa,* and opposite the same is a ruinous mosque. I took advantage of the hour's rest to eat my lunch: a few swallows of cold tea, with cakes. I also offered a few morsels to the worthy Constantine; but he would

not partake until I solemnly assured him that there was no fat contained: only flour, water, and sugar. Constantine presently withdrew to the chapel to chant his Psalms. Achmed lay sleeping beside the ruined mosque. The scene might suggest interesting reflections, but I contented myself with photographing the sleeping Moslem and his crumbling house of worship. Archbishop Porphyrios II, a prelate still in his prime, and of antecedent schooling in France and Germany, is said to be planning to restore the chapel to its original form, and to build a road to it. The latter project was already begun. Likewise his work is the damming of the mountain torrent near the cypress plain. Moreover, in the Convent itself, the construction of a library with iron framework is under serious consideration.

Sunday was reserved for rest and inspection of the Convent. Nowadays the use of the library is allowed by the Archbishop only to specially well recommended persons, in that their experiences on Sinai with European scholars were none too auspicious. I would counsel future visitors to forbear questions in this regard, because they are not answered with pleasure. Even at Cairo, I was reminded on the part of competent authority not to utter the name of Tischendorf, discoverer of Codex Sinaiticus. As is known, this manuscript was sold to the Czar of Russia; which sequel still nowadays, and that with good warrant, appears to cause bitterness of regret in the Convent.

Since the contract rate of ten dollars had already been fixed at Tor for each camel as far as Suez, all I had to do was to turn over this amount to the steward. Again I paid for four camels, though the caravan comprised six. This custom obtains for the reason that the Bedouins spare their beasts, especially the younger ones, and reckon on lading a supply of durra fodder for themselves at the Convent on the return trip. By special ruling, the steward permitted the same caravan to continue to Suez; whereas usually the camels and drivers are relayed at the Convent. My bill from the steward was moderate: a fee for attendance to Djebel Musa, a small sum for the doorkeeper, and the domestics who had got the baggage into the yard. The traveller who sojourns in the Convent and thence draws his provisions, pays for the same

at a fixed rate, and adds an optional sum, say a dollar a day, for his room. Tips to the servants are not customary. But ancient usage approves the outlay of a stranger's gift, *xenion,* for the Church or the poor. He who needs provisions for the return journey, can obtain the same at moderate price in the Convent. Its market supplies fresh eggs, sardines, macaroni, cheese, and bread, which is baked in the cloister every Saturday. Good fuel alcohol may also be had. Do not forget to fill any flasks with water. The quality is excellent.

My announcement that in five days I must make Suez was received with dubious shaking of heads. An old Bedouin who had been called in as expert would hear nothing of such precipitation. So I summoned my sheik, and informed him through Achmed that I accounted him and his people capable of achieving this feat, though admittedly a little arduous. The sheik pointed to his head, as much as to signify: By my pate, ere the fifth day is past, thou shalt be in Suez. A vigorous grasp of hands, an "all right" on my side, *Marhaba* on his side, sealed the agreement. Next in order was to map off the route, from the chart itself: Nakb el Hawa, Wadi Lebwe, Barak, Suwik, etc. As the steward also allowed, Feran oasis, which is visited by Biblical explorers, had to stay out.

Many travellers take offence at the fact that the Convent is authorized to appoint the caravans; and make all sorts of ironical comments thereon. But they forget what a mortally wearisome task it is to negotiate with Orientals, with whom time counts not at all. Just plant a German professor with his bookish Arabic over against a group of Bedouins, and let him proceed. He will grow nervous, but reach no result; or if he does, he will pay more than to the Convent. The Bedouin has comparatively no right sense of the value of money, for he stakes everything too high. When one of my attendants was asked what he wanted for his sword, a kind of bayonet blade, in woven leather sheath, he demanded ten dollars, or about four times the real value.

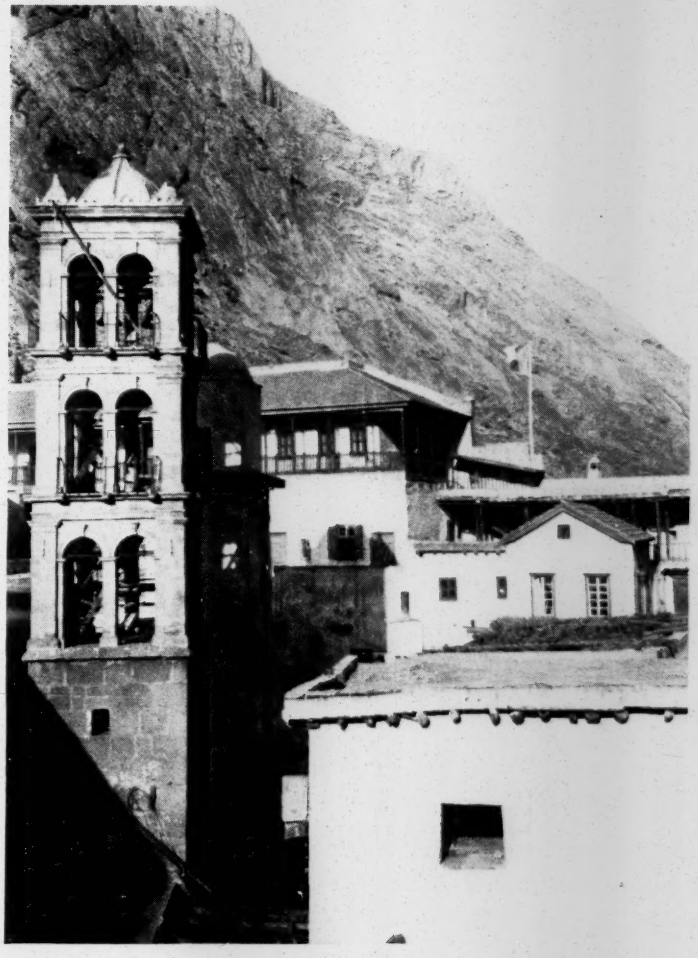
Leave-taking was no less of a ceremony than the reception. The steward conveyed gifts of hospitality, put on my hand St. Catharine's pilgrimage ring, and presented one of the same design for Dr. Manolakis. Before departure, he called the Bedouins together, commended me to their protection, and

explained to them that after our arrival in Suez I would tender an exact report of their behavior to the Russian Vice-Consul.

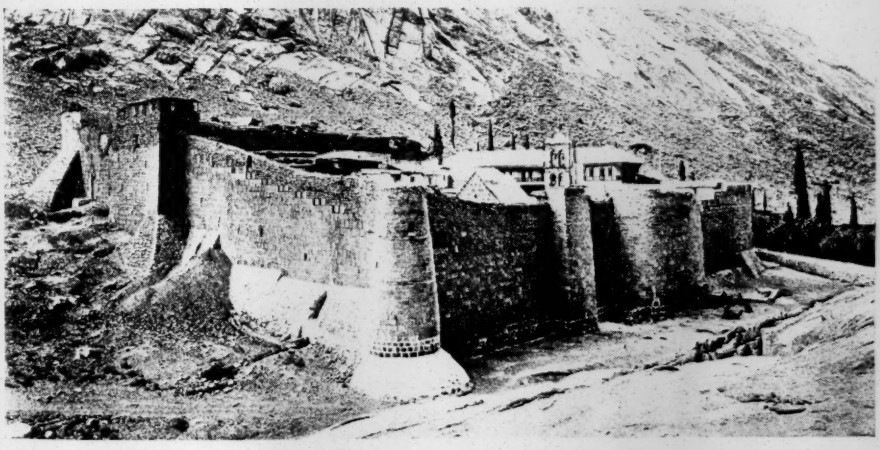
I left the hospitable Convent on 13 March, at 7.45 A. M. The sheik and Achmed discharged their rifles, and a monk on the battlement returned the salute. Thus, amid crackling of rifles and rumbling echoes I made my way into the silent desert, endeared to me now. Whether the sun rises or sets in a play of glorious colors, or the full moon and sparkling stars illumine the night, one is constantly discovering new beauties in the desert, and learns to understand why the Bedouin loves his wilderness above all else.

The several daily stages were as follows: 13 March, 8¾ hours, night camp Wadi Barak; 14 March, 9¾ hours, Wadi Suwik; 15th, 11 hours, 5 minutes, Wadi Uset; 16 March, 9½ hours, Wadi Werdan; 17 March, 9 hours, 10 minutes, Quarantine *Chat,* across from Suez.

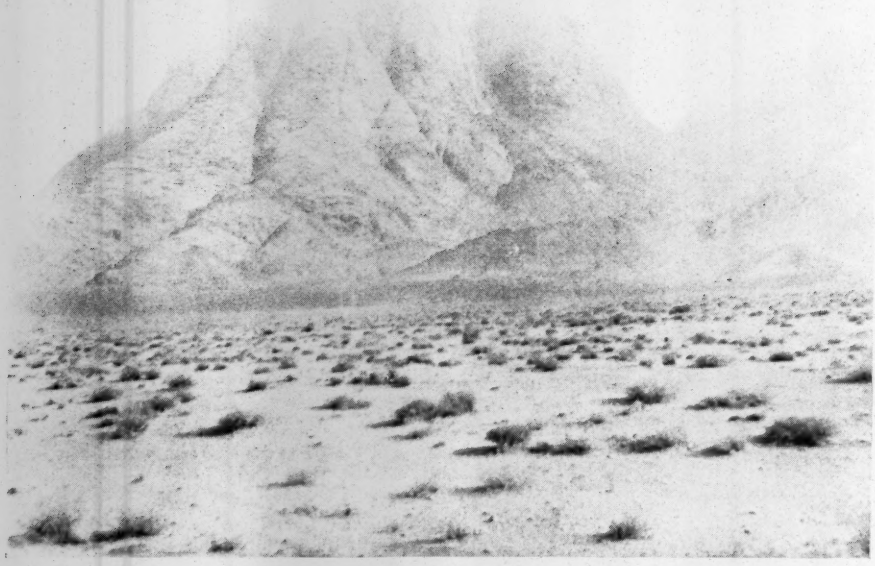
The day's course on 15 March ended not without some uproar. So early as half-past five the Bedouins wished to halt for the night's rest, but I declined with the remark that to-day we must still make Wadi Uset. Then began a petty revolt, and words of abuse were launched at the sheik, who muffled himself in silence. The men explained that they were tired, that the camels would find no fodder at Uset; and what not of the sort. I remembered that ancient Xenophon, somewhat farther back in Asia, was once in similar plight during the retreat of the Ten Thousand; so I checked my camel, dismounted, and gave word by the voice of Achmed: "Let him who was weary, mount my beast, and I would walk." The brawlers receded abashed, but when a little removed, they resumed their grumbling. It was now Achmed's turn to step forth with terribly glaring eyes, and threaten that whoever refused obedience would be sternly imprisoned at Suez. When Achmed interpreted to me his instantly effectual menace, I could scarcely conceal my smiles. It was already growing dark when we came to Uset. The most arrant clamorers now proved also loudest with their *Marhaba.* So still to-day, "Hosanna" may be heard in close contact with "Crucify Him." That evening I dealt out tea with plenty of sugar, thereby restoring the peace. My arrival in Suez on the fifth



Inside the Walls of Convent St. Catharine

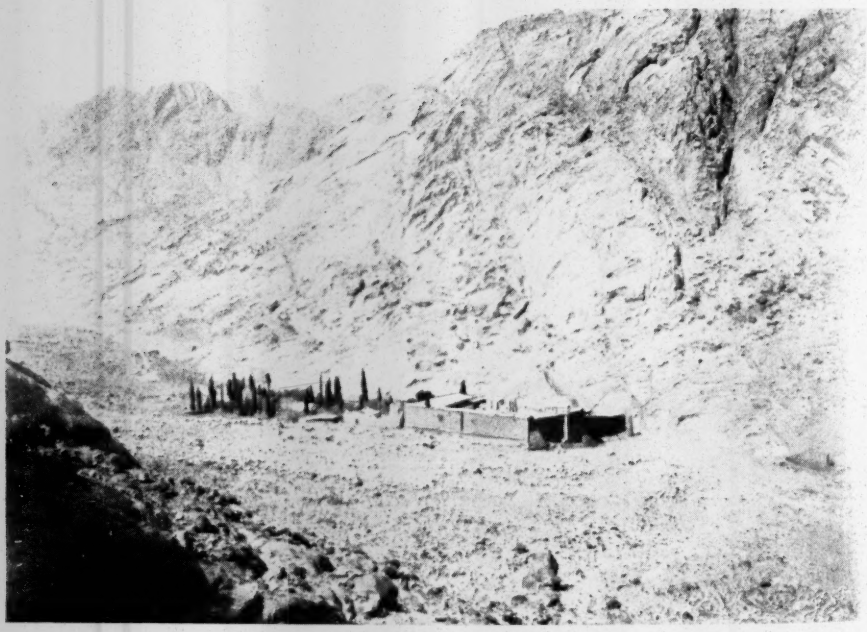


Ἱερὰ Μονὴ τοῦ Σινᾶ 541 μ. Χ.
Синайскій Монастырь 541 п. р. Хр.
The Convent at Sinai (A. D. 541).



RAS ES-SAFSAF

SAID TO BE THE MOUNT FROM WHICH MOSES ANNOUNCED THE TEN COMMANDMENTS



CONVENT ST. CATHARINE IN THE SINAI DESERT

day was now assured, to the joy of the sheik, who had deported himself like a diplomat.

On 16 March, at 9 A. M., we reached Wadi Gharandel, the first watering station for the camels after leaving the Convent. Surrounded by rushes, appears a small spring, and there is a fairly large pool of water, whence the camels drank in eager draughts. After this, and the wholesome reaction from a foot bath, my water barrel was filled. The soup and chocolate boiled with this water next morning had a slight chemical taste, but were drunk to the last drop. The traveller joyfully greets the telegraph poles and the now visible Red Sea, whose steamers are prompt harbingers of civilization. About 3.50 P. M. of 17 March we came to the springs of Moses for a brief rest; and about 6.25 P. M. the march ceased at *Chat,* where we were confronted by the black Quarantine soldier, posted as sentinel. Many tourists imagine some evil spirit at this station, ready to play them a trick even at the last moment. Such is not the case. Every caravan must halt before Chat pending telephone instructions from Suez, or until the Quarantine physician appears on his rounds of inspection, consuming maybe half an hour. Only then are the tourists of the desert permitted to enter Suez. We rode on to Chat, where Master Zachariades, superintendent of the station, came to meet me with felicitations. In a few moments the Director sent word by telephone for my free transit. Now came the hearty farewell to those good sons of the desert. We parted amid mutual congratulations, and scarcely shall we see one another again. I procured a room in Chat, and presently Achmed could announce that my fare was served in the dining-room. Still at a late evening hour the Quarantine boat hove in sight, which was to convey me to Suez; but I was grateful to adjourn the trip till next morning. After sound sleep and a refreshing bath, I left the station on the morrow; not without first perusing the visitors' book of compliments and grievances. But lo, there was no complaint, only praise on the part of the guests here quarantined against their will. Hence it is evident that with wise administration even the most unacceptable passes can be rendered endurable; nay, positively agreeable. Before departure I presented my provisions to Achmed, and supposed I might be affording my friendly *surveillant* a treat

with wine and whisky. But when he declined them in aversion for alcohol, I had nothing else to do but forget my flasks and bottles. And if not broken, they may still be standing there to-day.

LEOPOLD SENFELDER, M. D.

Vienna, Austria.

FATHER CARLTON'S OFFERINGS.

A CLERICAL STORY.

IT was May in Italy—Italia mistica. John Carlton, an English priest in traveling mufti, was journeying from Assisi to Perugia, in a shabby little carriage drawn by a very bony horse. He was rejoicing in his first sight of Umbria. *Verde Umbria* was now spread all around him. Many of the roads were bordered with white flowering acacia; the Judas tree showed its purple-red bloom; he looked upon the pink of the sainfoin, the rising green corn in the fields, the young oaks in spring freshness, olive groves silvery and grey, the small yellow flowers of the ilex peeping out of its sombre leafage, and in the hedges the perfumed honeysuckle, called by Italians "manine della Madonna".[1] The circling swallows were seen against the Italian blue sky. Perugia, *augusta Perusia*, one of the chief and most ancient of old Etruscan cities, now capital of the Province, built on the edge of a group of hills, russet-brown, grave, imposingly meritorious of her chequered history, of her endless associations, was above him.

It commands a magnificent prospect. On clear days one can see the whole ring of Umbrian cities, the two great highways to Rome, the extensive valley of the Tiber, with all Umbria in its ever-varying aspects lying at its feet. To the East is the holy city of Assisi, with Spello, Foligno, the dark ilex woods of Spoleto just visible, for the hill above Bettoma hides the town itself; to the South is Todi, where the northern russet hills rise in unequal height till they touch the Apennines.

Father Carlton reveled in it all as they drove slowly up, recalling the well-known points in the vista gradually being

[1] Little hands of Our Lady.

unfolded before him, feeling all its irresistible enchantment. His room on arrival at the hotel had a like prospect, making it hard to tear himself from the window of the exceptionally comfortable bedroom and reflect that he must, when refreshed by the hot water left in a covered can standing in the large basin, go and have some tea.

It was in the days before motors came hooting, grunting, and snorting noisily up from the valley station to the stately medieval town. Then it was very silent, but for the everlasting bells from some of the church towers, among the latter—there are about forty-two—the singularly beautiful Campanile of San Pietro. Even now there are not many carriages. The few gardens are hidden behind the old houses, though on many you notice hanging pots of flowers on iron sockets or rings so fastened as to hold them—daisies, carnations. One catches a glimpse of the fair faces of the women often bending over them, or as they are arranging the white and many-colored linen which Italian-fashion hangs from many windows.

There are magnificent town gates in Perugia, one with Etruscan foundations; there are curious winding streets with covered ways, through which the deadly winter winds blow with keen force; there are endless picturesque bits in this irregularly built town, and as you tread the Via Vecchia with its lovely view framed in its arch, you remember that it has been used as a street for over two thousand years, and that in this place you are forever in touch with the past.

Father John Carlton opened his mail as he took his tea in the pretty hall with its palms and flowers, its easy chairs, its rockers, and little cosy tables. There were a few letters from friends—he had a good many and valued them, for he had practically no relatives, being the only child of only children; his two uncles were dead long ago.

Father Campbell, who was supplying during his absence wrote about some practical matters; and a letter was here, which he kept to the last, from the builder he had decided to employ to throw out the study and add to the veranda. The builder sent a plan and estimate, and offered to begin at once, so that it would be nearly done by his return. He enlarged on the fact that it would be a very great improvement to the house, and his face, somewhat severe in expression,

took on a smile of content as in imagination he saw room for so many of his books, for he was a great collector. It was a capital idea of his, and perhaps next year he would enlarge the spare room above it and put a balcony there. The view over pretty Sussex country would be charming. Finishing his tea, he pushed his letters into his pocket and went out, walking down the flagged Corso which cleaves the tableland of the town in half, until he reached the Piazza del Duomo, where it was impossible for Father Carlton not to stop to examine with interest the Fonte Maggiore, a wonderful fountain which stands near the Cathedral. Its triple basin is beautifully sculptured, and dates from the thirteenth century. He was intensely sentient to the atmosphere of place and time, for he loved Italy with a passion that had increased as he came to know her. Year after year he visited her to learn more of her treasures, to revisit old and beloved shrines of art or piety, congratulating himself always on his power to do so during his holiday, for he was a man of independent means. At other times he was quite content in his small Sussex country parish, and he felt God was very good to him.

He stayed musing and recalling the events of long ago which had taken place on that spot. There was the little pulpit outside the Cathedral wall from which St. Bernardine of Siena preached and watched the books of necromancy and the piles of dyed hair burned; it was on the steps of this fountain that many nobles put the heads of their slaughtered enemies; it was in this Cathedral square they fought, for it has been truly said of the Perugians that "they always preferred Mars to Muse".

Turning from the square with its fascinating history, John Carlton went round to the principal door of the Duomo and entered. After his few moments of prayer before the Master of the House, he went to kneel at the shrine of Our Lady of Grace—a picture fastened against a pillar which on that May evening, besides the nine ever-burning lamps, was framed in glass drop chandeliers with lighted candles, giving the place an air of *festa*. Many girls and women crowded round, their gay, many-hued silk handkerchiefs arranged gracefully on their heads. Their dress, bodice, band, and apron were all of different colors, yet all sincerely harmonious. Many of the

young girls, with their grave, refined, tender faces, recalled the same childlike note so evident in the face of the Madonna as seen in the much venerated picture. There she stands, with her jewelled crown, a deep crimson curtain as background, relieving the dull pink of her dress, over which is her blue mantle lined with the fresh green of an Umbrian spring, her face, youthful and smiling, with the touch of sweet gravity, her hands lifted as if in wonderment at the infinite magnitude of her vocation—Our Lady of Grace—how dear she is to the heart of the many who, loving her picture, kneel in the shadowy building which guards the ring which, tradition says, was that of her betrothal.

There for a while he stayed, but, remembering a promised visit, he rose and went away toward the presbytery of a church some ten minutes off. He pulled the bell chain, and the old sacristan let him in with jubilant recognition of the *padre inglese*, whom he knew well, since every spring brought him to see the Signor Curato, to whose parlor he was now shown.

The English priest went instinctively to the window where away in the West the sun was reddening the sky, and in the near foreground was one roof above another, every hue of brown and grey lichen-stained tiles, with numbers of church towers, and, away beyond, the Vale of Umbria on which the evening shades were falling. The floor of the room was of stone, and a piece of matting lay under the table, on which was a *lumen cristi* from last Easter. Under a glass case was the Divine Infant clothed in a black velveteen frock with pink jacket, seated on some pine shavings, whilst tiny ducks disported and sheep among vivid green foliage. The wax taper was twisted into various fanciful devices round about. There were a few wooden chairs set against the distempered walls. On the side of the room hung a large realistic crucifix and a few cheap oleographs—Our Lady, St. Joseph, St. Peter's of Rome, as well as photographs, cheaply framed, of the Signor Curato at various stages of his life, singly and in groups of clerical friends, whilst his father and mother occupied places of honor by themselves above the picture of Leo XIII. On a small table by itself was Martina's translation of the Bible into Italian, placed on a grey crochet woollen mat; above it on nails hung the palms of last Palm Sunday.

The Signor Curato, Giuseppe Anacleto Rinari, had returned from a retreat at Lucca that very afternoon, the Priore leaving as he did so for a belated holiday to his peasant parents at Gubbio. The Curato, still under the spell of the silent days, went into the church, where as a rule some people could be found. It was close to the Duomo and was a popular church of a Religious Order. One old woman was asleep in a corner, her dog curled at her feet; a man with a basket full of empty rush-covered *fiaschi* knelt at Our Lady's shrine; his lips were moving and his face was full of entreaty—he had a child at home dying.

But Giuseppe Anacleto was bowed before the high altar, his offering before his mind, his whole being shaken with the force of his earnest prayer for courage to make it. Truly, what God had asked in this retreat was a great thing! It meant the giving of that which he prized to a degree little apprehended until he began to realize fearsomely what he was being asked to do. He started—his mind was so far away from the present—when Onofrio, very slow of movement entered from the sacristy and told him that the *padre inglese* was there. He had forgotten to ask for his letters—he received very few —since his return, or he would have found one couched in the English priest's pedantic Italian, saying he hoped to be in Perugia and would call that evening.

As Father Carlton stood, enjoying the marvellous view, the latch was suddenly lifted and his friend entered, full of gladness at seeing him again. The visitor was soon seated in the one quasi-easy chair of which the room boasted.

The Signor Curato, a man of forty, though the fact that his tall slight figure was somewhat bent, made him look older, was usually quiet in manner and voice, exceptionally so for an Italian; but his dark eyes flashed with pleasurable feeling at the unexpected visit of the priest.

"You did not come last year—how was that?" asked the Curato, after assuring himself that Father Carlton was well.

"I went to Sicily," said the English priest in somewhat labored Italian, "and stayed on all my time. It was a disappointment, I assure you, for Perugia always has to come into my program."

"If you will stay and sup with me—the Signor Priore is away—simple fare, but O you will be *il benvenuto.*"

For half a second the Englishman hesitated. He thought of the meal in the well-appointed dining-room—those pleasant Americans he had made acquaintance with last night at Assisi arrived just as he had come out—the excellent dinner, the iced *Orvieto ascuitto*; and yet, he had but three days to give to Perugia; he knew how the Signor Curato valued his visits. He assented, and his host went away hastily to tell Orlando's old sister Agnese, who acted as housekeeper, of the guest staying for *cena.*

There was the yellow *vino nostrale,* which his host mixed with sparkling water from the Nocera springs, whence Perugia is supplied with drinking water. But Father Carlton, who was somewhat particular about his food and drink, took it plain, finding it, though a *vino sincero,* not at all to his taste, any more than the thin *brodo di fagioli,* guiltless of "eyes" denoting oil or butter; or the greasy *risotto,* or the hard *lesso*; and the bread, which was *casa linga,*[2] was sour and stale.

The heavy white plates, discolored by age, were of the commonest; many were chipped. Tooth-picks bristled between the receptacles for salt and pepper. All, including the tablecloth, was of the roughest. There was no roast, no dessert, the Signor Curato, who loved hospitality, apologized sufficiently, but not excessively, for his courtesy was too inborn. And so the two men supped. All the while Father Carlton was more than ever before struck with the poverty of the place,—one chair badly needed mending; the window had a broken pane; the piece of carpet under the table was thin and worn; old Agnese's dress was very much patched and in parts almost ragged; while the Curato's shiny cassock was as ancient as the shoes which his friend's sharp eyes had noticed as being sadly shabby and old.

The Curato was very fond of Father Carlton, who was some fifteen years his senior. On the other hand Father Carlton felt himself strangely attracted to the poor priest whose acquaintance he had made years ago at Assisi, when, as an Anglican clergyman, he had visited the place, with its atmosphere so charged with holy memories, and its very soil made sacred by the worship of the millions whose feet have trodden it on their way to the sanctuaries of the Poor Man of Assisi.

[2] Home-made.

St. Francis himself had walked about the streets of the little town of red and brown houses, and his holy eyes had often rested on the blue hills and the vineyards, the dear olive groves of the beloved Vale of Umbria.

"And now you have come from Assisi?" asked the Curato, as the Englishman leaned back in the uncomfortable chair which he had resumed after supper.

"Drove over this afternoon. I was two nights at the Subasio," said Father Carlton; "yesterday there was Exposition, and I remembered our first meeting, ah!—how many years ago?"

"It must be fifteen," said the Curato. "And shortly afterward you became a Christian."

Father Carlton let pass without comment the expression used to convey that he had become a Catholic, knowing that argument was useless, and that the Italians — particularly among the less educated—would always look on a convert to Catholicism as upon a newly-made Christian—*stato fatto Cristiano*. He shook his shaggy hair, which had been white for the last ten years; he remembered that day well, the quiet, reverent people all crowding to the great sanctuary, the gloom of the entrance to the lower church contrasting with the forest of candles round the monstrance. The brilliancy of the lights had enabled him to see the marvellous frescoes of Giotto which illuminate the low-groined roof and which record the glories of St. Francis. He had been specially struck then, as he had been on the day before, by their wonderful and undying charm.

"I am particularly glad to see you, Father Carlton," said the Curato, stumbling at the English name, which however he was determined to master; "for I have some news for you—I am leaving Perugia—I—at least I hope so."

"Ah, really? A sudden decision?"

"Yes. I am going—even now at my age, to try my vocation as a Franciscan—one of the Friars Minor. I think now, as I look back, it is strange that, though I was born in Perugia and have spent my life in the land of St. Francis, the call did not come to me before—never in the remotest way—but now—now—my Lady Poverty has called me." He paused a moment, "I must go." There had been going on

in the heart of Father Carlton for some time past a sharp struggle as to his own rightful attitude toward this virtue of holy poverty. The words of his friend strangely affected him, although his mind had been practically made up on the subject; he only wondered how the words of the Curato could have shaped themselves as an expression of his own silent resolution, taken as he had left the chapel a little while ago. He felt a kindred call, though it was not to take him from his present charge in the cure of souls. Yes! there was to be no more looking back, no more hesitation—he would make the offering to test the reality of this call.

"It is that then that attracts you—Poverty?" asked Father Carlton, after a silence, for he was greatly surprised.

"Yes," said the Curato, "more than anything; though of course I could have it in any Order—it is that of St. Francis to which I am drawn."

Father Carlton was silent. His eyes wandered round the poor room, and came back to the shabbily dressed priest, with his threadbare cassock—all eloquent of poverty, if not penury. How much more could the Curato desire.

"It is poverty and the obedience together—the religious life in fact. The poverty of Bethlehem, of Nazareth."

"One can live in that spirit surely as a Secular," said Father Carlton. "There's a sitting loosely to the things of this world. In my case I have had no severe financial trials certainly, but many have, and to obey the inner leadings of the Holy Spirit, in submitting to it in all things, is obedience—one perhaps more hidden, really more precious, than the mere resignation of external goods. So at least I take it, and so more or less do those who go deeply into the obligations of the priestly life."

"Yes, *sicuro*; but Padre, I cannot argue—I cannot explain it—you know all that the ascetical writers say about the religious life. It is not for all, only for those who are called—as I believe I am. Of course, to be a priest at all there are sacrifices—the love of wife and child. It is but human to desire these and to marry; that is where the great crucifixion of the ordinary priest's life lies. Not so however to me," he added simply, speaking to his friend as man to man, unlike the way in which, under the somewhat artificial conditions of

life, people usually do. "To me, as to many, this involves no renunciation, and the life and duties of a secular priest I love all too well, but I love and have my liberty too, and poverty truly taken includes taking the vow of obedience, the absolute nakedness which can say with the holy Thomas à Kempis, 'I am nothing, I have nothing, and can do nothing.' It is that, Padre, that I desire and that I shall find in its perfection in the life for which I pray I may be worthy."

"That means, I take it, that we have and are nothing, save through the merits of Christ. Even the greatest saint must say that," said the English priest as his shaggy white eyebrows twitched and were drawn together—a habit of his when much moved, as he was at the Curato's words, all the more convincing for being spoken calmly.

"But of course they can be taken in another sense as touching on the religious life. I hope you may attain to your desire," he added in cold tones, which were untrue to the fervent feelings now stirring within him and which were characteristic of his temperament. In truth, he was in a white heat of emotion, though his somewhat perfunctory farewell to his old friend betrayed none of it.

The Signor Curato watched him go to the corner, and then Father Carlton heard him close the heavy little door, and he felt himself in the velvet softness of the May evening, windless and calm. He walked mechanically along. In the brilliant moonlight showed the swept flags of the Corso, the Umbrian Picadilly, where seemingly everybody in Perugia was out walking. The tourists were promenading, and chattering, gesticulating natives were there too; the cafés were brightly lit, and the magnificent Municipal Palace, with its handsome windows and fine portal, above which are three saints, were all discovered clearly in the silver light. But he saw these things only as at a theatre. Though his strong passionate temper was under the control won by years of labor —for he had learnt *travailler son charactère*—that night he was angered, as the voice, speaking to his inmost soul, imperiously demanded a hearing.

His thoughts ran swiftly. After poignant spiritual and mental suffering he had taken the step, in faith and courage, leaving the known for the unknown, to become a Catholic.

Then he became a priest. And though the strength of spirit seemed spent and he could only rejoice in a heart at rest, a mind assuredly satisfied, it was done. But now—yes—a step further, one which he had never for a moment anticipated, but which he knew might be of sacramental worth to him because of the corresponding cost. It was not a call to the religious life. Had it been so, even at his age he would have obeyed. It was in a sense something more difficult to his nature to do; it was to bring the spirit of poverty more insistently to bear on his life. Facing his life as he had never done before, he saw it as he had never thought possible. As in crystal he viewed clearly his own easeful life illuminated and tested by a searchlight; no great, excessive luxury certainly —but a small well-appointed rectory, his excellent servants, two elderly sisters, his small parish, little work, means to travel —ah! poverty had not stamped her hallmark on him!

Wrong? No, he knew it was not; and that his comfort and prosperity did not free him from anxieties about his flock, from the everyday vexations and worries which fall to the lot of most, and that the life was one which could most truly be lived to the greater glory of God. But not if called to something higher—ah, here was the crux.

The evening was passing on; and in those Perugian streets which in their day have witnessed so much warfare, John Carlton fought the worst of his battle. He "wrestled not with flesh and blood," but with temptation to follow a path of little resistance instead of one that was sorely against the grain of a naturally ease-loving temperament.

The big hall with palms and rockers and easy chairs tonight had pleasant people chatting and talking. A German professor with whom he had travelled lately to Orvieto, recognizing Father Carlton, came up warmly to greet him; and the Americans begged him to share their iced drinks and little cakes. But all the while he was with them he felt as in a dream, and after a sleepless night he said his Mass in a neighboring church, and went for a long walk through the beautiful old town, attractive and picturesque at every turn. Several of the doors of the ancient houses were most charmingly adorned with sculptures in *pietra serena* or travertine of flowers, ribbons, etc., as well as artistic and finely executed

friezes; and he noted some of the "doors of the dead" now bricked up and never used, which in some very old houses are just wide enough to admit of the passing of a coffin. These walled up openings are found alongside the house door. The superstition existed in Etruscan times that Death must never be allowed to pass a second time through the principal door. Through the *porte del mortuccio*, only used by the dead, the spirit of death passed out with the corpse, after which the narrow door was closely locked and the safety of the living thus ensured.

With his hands clasped behind his back he wandered about, his brain working hard. Whatever might be right for others —he would not judge them—he would in future spend less on himself in many ways of which he alone knew. He would make a stricter rule for himself and master himself to keep it. He would strike courageously at the very root of many things which conflicted with the higher line in his life than that he had taken hitherto or had imagined it was necessary to follow. His memory, which was exceptionally good, at that moment, recalled the words of a few lines he had once read of Saint Charles Borromeo, addressed to priests: "Live personally in such poverty that you may be able to give for your churches, for the adornment of your altars, and for sacred objects—not the overflow of superfluity, but the savings stolen by self-denial from your necessary maintenance." It would not be at all difficult to see what to do, but to do it. It would be hard on the comparatively free but most difficult life of a secular priest to say "no" where he had said "yes" to many perfectly innocent pleasures, to some tastes good and wholesome in themselves, but not for him to indulge in. Since their renunciation had once been asked for by the voice which had spoken to him individually, should he not put his offering, made up of many and continued sacrifices, into the Sacred Hand where they would, by its holy touch be transmuted into everlasting riches? Nor for that motive only, though he might begin with it; but it might lead him on by the power inherent in all sacrifice to being able to say that each action was prompted by love.

Et amo, et amabo Te
Solum, quia Rex meus es:
Et solum, quia Deus es.

And it did.

John Carlton, as he made his way up the dusty road below the Giardinetto, went with a lighter heart, and before doing anything else he went to the Post Office to telegraph to the builder that he would require nothing done to his presbytery. On his return he wrote a kind letter to an old lady who had offered to send him for a tour through Spain in the autumn with her brother, to decline.

Just three years later, while Padre Leo—the ex-Curato—was laboring in his Community, experiencing great joy at the attainment of his desire, Father Carlton was to be found in the same Sussex presbytery. But the church had been enlarged; schools were about to be built; the parish seemed to have new life in it; and there were great hopes that some exiled poor Clares from France, now established in a small house near, might some day have a Convent built for them; the great fact of a religious house, a centre of penance and reparation, bringing its blessing on the place.

Of how much Father Carlton had to do with all this, no one was cognisant, for though he accounted simply for all gifts received, only God knew how many were the multitudinous acts of poverty included in his own personal offerings.

L. E. DOBRÉE.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE TIRESOME SERMON.

MONOTONY OF STYLE.

A FRENCH writer has defined eloquence as the art of saying something to some one. A sermon is talked; it has a definite subject and a definite audience. A tiresome sermon is often such because it is addressed to none in particular and because it is writing, not speaking, although it may be delivered without paper or book. Many tiresome sermons are things read from the tablets of the memory. They are essays, not talks. They have the whole world for an audience,

not any particular part of it. Unless one speaks extempore—and there is some hesitation about advising that course—there is every likelihood that the written sermon will not often rise out of the style of print. It is somewhat incongruous to talk to a sheet of paper through a fountain-pen or a typewriter. The writer of a sermon may begin with, " my dear brethren ", but that is the only sign that he is talking to any one. The audience disappears from his sight in the process of the composition, and he is so engrossed in the work of formulating his thoughts in his mind and casting them into suitable expression that there is no attempt made or no energy left to direct the composition toward living ears rather than project it upon dead paper.

Strange, too, as it may seem, the more care is given to a sermon, the more likely is it to become an essay. The preacher himself may have in view a volume of sermons, or the occasion which has called for more careful composition, will likely be one that will be honored with an account in the press. In either case the sermon is written for the eye, rather than for the ear, to be read rather than to be heard. The audience is not a definite one, but the whole world. Instead of saying something to some one, he writes something—more usually anything—to anyone.

An Essay has no Definite Audience.

What is the effect upon a speech of an audience, either actually present or distinctly imagined? Fortunately it is not hard to realize. Read the *Congressional Record* containing the speeches given in regular debate and the issues given up to the reproduction of memorial discourses. The debates, especially in those parts where the speaker is interrupted or likely to be, are vigorous, direct, lively; whereas the memorials are wearisome biographical essays, vapid, exaggerated, even bombastic, and containing tasteless flowers of speech which would shrivel in the faintest heat of conflict. It is true indeed that panegyric belongs to a different type of oratory from debate and cannot be as direct. So much the better for our present purpose. The contrast in Congress may well illustrate the difference between a talk in the pulpit and a chapter of a new book read, or as good as read, in the same place.

Demosthenes has always been pointed to as more direct than Cicero. Cicero has more commonplaces, more frequent digressions to the general truth, the particular application of which is under discussion. The difference, we believe, will be found due in a large part to the audience. Demosthenes spoke before the people in the Athenian assembly, with the opposition watching intently every word. Demosthenes felt their presence and stripped himself of the luxuriance of style. "There is Phocion," he said, "the pruner of my periods." Cicero, on the other hand, spoke most frequently in the senate, or if he spoke in the court, he was usually chosen to sum up the case and make the emotional appeal, because of his power in moving juries. Is it not worthy too of note that Cicero wrote books and no doubt looked toward publication, whereas Demosthenes has left us only speeches? A like contrast, illustrating the same difference between the essay and the speech, between dissertations and debates, between writers and speakers, is found in Burke and Fox. Burke was called the dinner-bell of the house of Commons. He was writing books, composing philosophy and emptying the benches, while Fox spoke far into the night and even to the next morning and prodded tired members into constant attention. A few years ago the present writer had an experience which showed the difference between talking and, what might be called, discoursing. One of the most eloquent orators of our time was addressing an audience in Faneuil Hall, Boston. His speech was frequently interrupted with cheers and applause. When, however, the speaker was somewhat advanced in his topic, he entered upon a digression, consisting of lengthy descriptions of an event not directly connected with the subject of the meeting. The people who a minute or two before had been applauding, began to rise and leave the hall. The orator finally noted the exodus, dropped his historical essay, went back to his talk and kept his audience attentive and enthusiastic to the end. The *New York Times* said recently in an editorial: "The old style of declamatory speech died a natural death. Its revival would be inconsistent with the spirit of the age; it would savor of an anachronism; our best speakers have a colloquial manner. But they are too few." This voices the modern demand for talks rather than disquisitions.

A better way still to appreciate the effect of saying something to someone rather than of composing for the wide, wide world, is found in letters, letters, be it understood, which are real letters, not masquerading as such because of an initial "Dear Sir". In a letter the audience is a definite individual to whom everything is addressed with a directness that is scarcely possible even in the best speeches. Imagine a letter-writer forgetting the one he addresses and delivering himself of learned discourses. It would be easier to imagine a man transmitting over a telephone a chapter of Burke's *On the Sublime and Beautiful.* How the thought in a letter is pointed and epigrammatic, how it discards useless digressions and delivers itself of no ponderous platitudes, how free it is from all pretence at fine writing or elaborate theorizing! How the sentences are light-footed, running on as a rule, but stopping now and then to allow the insertion of a passing remark, never stiffening into the self-conscious firmness which would come upon them if they felt they were to make their debut in print, nor dragging heavily along under the weight of some philosophical profundity. But you will say letters are trivial and chatty and deal with a series of unconnected facts and are for one individual, while sermons are quite the contrary. True enough! Nor is it intended to assert that letters are sermons. Yet letters do however illustrate the effect of an audience upon composition, and that fact would be sufficient reason for mentioning them in this connexion.

Fortunately, however, we can go farther with the illustration. We have in existence and at hand letters on serious and sacred subjects, treating of the highest truths of our faith, letters addressed to a whole congregation, having all the spontaneity, freshness, and directness of that style of composition without their ephemeral and trivial character. These letters are the Epistles of St. Paul; letters which are true sermons. St. Augustine in the fourth book of his *Doctrina Christiana,* which may be well styled the first Christian rhetoric, has enthusiastic studies in St. Paul's eloquence. The great Doctor of the Church, who had himself been a teacher of rhetoric, takes no exaggerated view of rhetorical precepts. "Often," he says, "do we find speakers without precepts surpassing those who have mastered them, but no one has ever

been eloquent without hearing or reading speeches." He advocates, in consequence, the reading and imitation of Scripture and says, " I could, did leisure permit, point out in the Sacred Scriptures all the good qualities and beauties of eloquence." He declares too that the reader while engrossed with the sense of the sacred text will insensibly be saturated with the style. To enforce his teaching on the use of Scripture for preachers, he does not disdain to subject an eloquent passage of St. Paul to close analysis, pointing out in detail how clauses and phrases vary in number and length and nature, how statements are mingled with questions or interrupted with parentheses, which we may call the foot-notes of the spoken word. The passage thus analyzed is II Cor. 9 : 6-30, and surely there cannot be found anywhere anything less tiresome, anything more direct, more unlike a dogmatical disquisition and yet anything better fitted to convey the truths of faith with definiteness of audience and liveliness of the spoken word.

An Essay is Written to be Read.

An essay is written for the eye; a sermon is spoken for the ear and is profoundly influenced by the consciousness in the speaker of addressing an audience rather than of printing his thoughts for the world in general. An eye looking into your eye, an ear heeding your every word, a mind to be affected now or never, these key a man up, make his thoughts brisk and energetic and promote greater efforts to be clear and direct. There is all the difference between composing a sermon for readers and composing for listeners that there is between working by the day or working by contract, between laboring alone and under the eye of a master. The fertile distinction between essay and talk deals a hard blow to tiresome sermons and the distinction has not yet exhausted its possibilities. In the spoken word there is an animation that seems out of place in an essay. There are indeed essays which are talks just as there are talks that are essays. Lamb's chatty, vivacious essays are really bits of earnest conversation. Such essays, however, are exceptions. To write conversations looks like pretence or artificiality. What is natural and inevitable in conversation seems forced and out of place when writing-paper takes the place of a companion. So the

whole style of sermons when they are written, is likely to doff all the animation of conversation.

What are all the so-called figures of words but the traits of the spoken word classified and ticketed with technical names? A recent writer on rhetoric has no difficulty in showing by a cleverly imagined scene that all the figures of speech are daily occurring around us. It would, no doubt, surprise many, as it surprised Molière's Upstart, to learn he was speaking prose, to learn that they are indulging every day in such tremendous things as *conversion, complexion, conduplication, asyndeton* or *dissolution, polysyndeton, anticipation, correction, doubt, communication, apostrophe, hypotoposis* and *aposiopesis.* The list would send an ordinary man to the nearest doctor. Yet what do all these terms do but formulate in scientific language the differences between what is written and what is spoken? In the light of this truth, is it remarkable to learn that St. Paul abounds in these so-called figures of speech? Some will have it he must have derived all his rhetoric from Greek scholars in Tarsus. However that may be St. Paul's Epistles furnish us with endless examples of the most ornate figures of speech. The strict climax, a combination of repetition of the preceding thought with the ordinary climax, is rare enough in literature, because its artifice is too evident. Cicero has but few examples and Demosthenes still fewer, while St. Paul has, besides others elsewhere, three examples in Romans. "We glory also in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope, and hope confoundeth not".[1] Oxymoron, a seeming contradiction in terms, is another figure in which art is apparent. It is frequently found in the poets and not uncommon among the orators. It is a favorite beauty with St. Paul and takes no small part in imparting vivacity to his style. A beautiful example occurs in the middle of the eloquent sixth chapter of the II Corinthians. "As deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet known; as dying and behold we live; as chastised and not killed; as sorrowful and yet always rejoicing; as needy, yet enriching many; as having nothing, and possessing all things." Paronomasia, or play on words, is St. Paul's most frequent figure. This is surely a most remark-

[1] Rom. 5:3; cf. 8:29; 10:14.

able fact that St. Paul should play on words, should indulge in what are really puns, although serious ones. Most of these, of course, are lost to us in the English translation. Twenty-one instances are cited by authorities. The famous example of paronomasia in Demosthenes' Speech on the Crown, No. 11, is almost duplicated in Romans 12: 3. Demosthenes says, "With all your guile, Aschines, you were so guileless as to be beguiled into thinking," etc., while St. Paul is rendered thus by Farrar: "Not to be high-minded above what we ought to be minded but to be minded so as to be sober-minded". St. Paul plays too on the name of Onesimus, profitable. "I beseech thee for my son whom I have begotten in my bands, Onesimus, who hath been heretofore unprofitable to thee, but now is profitable both to thee and to me".

Attention has been called to these more striking figures to show how St. Paul made his language strain itself almost in an effort to be varied and interesting and to avoid tedious monotony. It is unnecessary to mention instances of the more usual figures which abound in every letter of St. Paul. Even in the use of ordinary figures such as repetition he strives for point. The well-known passage, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," is still more striking in the original Greek, where "one" is carried through the three genders of the nominative case. Thirty different kinds of figures in all are pointed out by Farrar.[2] It is to these figures we may ascribe the extraordinary energy of St. Paul's style, an energy which made St. Jerome say: "As often as I read him, I seem to hear not words but the rolling of thunder. They appear to be the words of a simple and guileless rustic; of one who could not lay snares nor escape them; yet look where you will they are lightning flashes. He is persistent in his attempt; he captures anything he attacks; he retreats in order to be victorious; he feigns flight in order the better to slay his foe." [3]

An Essay is almost all Reasoning.

The sacred essay of the pulpit lacks point because its audience is vaguely visualized; lacks life because it shuns the emphasis of a lively style, which looms too prominently in

[2] *The Life and Work of St. Paul*, Excursus II, p. 693.
[3] Ep. ad Pammach. 68, 13.

print. Figures have an artificial sound to nimble critics who can outstrip in their thoughts the speaker and, while they are waiting for him to catch up, can leisurely and coldly dissect his language. Figures have an artificial look on the written page where the eye can see a dozen repetitions at a glance or reread a passage until its art is manifest. But the inexperienced ear has not the power of the cold critic or the wide-reaching eye. It takes in one thing at a time; it does not anticipate and with difficulty reflects. Impression must be had upon it while the words are setting its auditory nerves tingling. If the style is direct and vigorous, the ear does not analyze. It is too busy with the thought and does not, like critic or reader, separate the thought from the expression.

As the true listener is more simple and unreflecting, the true speaker is more likely to be expansive and emotional. Emotion shrinks away abashed from the written page. There are indeed earnest essays couched in burning words. As a rule, however, essays are predominantly intellectual and not emotional. They aim at conveying the truth clearly, not at steeping it in fire and fervor that it may touch the heart. I should be very glad to have every reader thrill with the conviction that it is necessary to talk and not to deliver essays in the pulpit; but I hesitate to enforce the lesson with the intense emotional appeal that one would naturally use before an audience. I fear the cold print; I dread the inflexibility of reason. Logic chills the heart. The truth is so insistent that it be put fully and clearly and orderly with division and subdivision and rigid proofs and irrefutable conclusions, that emotion never has a chance at all. Dogmatic disquisitions take the place of sermons. A thesis is put into an essay and another tiresome half-hour is the result.

Say something to someone. If a few sparks of the fire which rages sometimes in conversation, were thrown into a thesis, trying to masquerade as a sermon, there would be less tiresomeness in the pulpit. The essay is dull because it never flames into feeling. Here again St. Paul's Epistles will be the best school for unlearning tiresomeness. His great heart beats volcanic at the depths of his thought and his style heaves irregularly, tossed and broken by the pent-up heat and force. He cries out and vehemently protests. He lifts his voice in

fear; he tenderly entreats; he is shocked; he is horrified; he is aglow with love and aflame with anger. Never can such emotion be tiresome. Mark the feeling surging to the surface in the eleventh chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "Would to God that you could bear with some little of my folly: but do bear with me. For I am jealous of you with the jealousy of God. . . . Although I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge. Or did I commit a fault, humbling myself that you might be exalted? Because I preached unto you the Gospel of God freely? . . . The truth of Christ is in me that this glorying shall not be broken off in me in the regions of Achaia. Wherefore? Because I love you not? God knoweth it . . . I say again, (let no man think me to be foolish, otherwise take me as one foolish, that I also may glory a little). . . . I speak according to dishonor, as if we had been weak in this part. Wherein if any man dare (I speak foolishly). I dare also. They are Hebrews? So am I. They are Israelites? So am I. They are the seed of Abraham? So am I. They are the ministers of Christ? (I speak as one less wise). I am more. In many more labors, in prisons more frequently, in stripes above measure, in deaths often. Of the Jews five times did I receive forty stripes save one." And then, after a triumphant recounting of details, "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is scandalized and I am not on fire? . . . The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is blessed forever, knoweth that I lie not."

What would become of the tiresome sermon if it felt the earthquake shock of such talking and such stormy emotion? Even the elocution would immensely profit by this process. No one uses preachers' tones in conversation, and if the style of our sermons had the directness of a letter and the traits of talk which rhetoricians call figures, and above all if those sermons melted their logic in the lava of feeling, all of which St. Paul does, the sermon would cease to be an essay and would to a large extent cease to be tiresome.

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REMINISCENCES OF MAYNOOTH.

III.

"A STUDENT'S DAILY DAY."

I HAVE read somewhere of a priest who, recounting his impressions of collegiate life, with refreshing candor declared that his most dreaded nightmare was one which brought him back in spirit to his college days, and that the climax of its hideousness was reached when in fancy the sound of the morning 6 o'clock bell was wafted to his subconscious dreaming faculties. Certainly the stroke of the first bell on a cold, dark, winter's morning was not such as to awaken pleasurable or responsive feelings. It was what might be termed the *bête noire* of a student's existence. Weird tales are told by older priests of the days before the introduction of heating apparatus, when the walls streamed with moisture and the water-jugs in the student's rooms after a hard night's frost were found to contain solid ice. Times have changed. On the analogy of the different ages of advancing civilization, that period might appropriately be likened to the stone age. The iron age is now well advanced and when we shall see the introduction of a daily newspaper into the college libraries and one or two other social improvements which will readily occur to every student's mind, we shall be well on toward the golden age of what we might term college civilization. However, the conditions of a student's life are now quite different from what they were twenty years ago. Wonderful changes have been effected, and all for the benefit and advantage of the students. What with the introduction of a perfect heating system into every room, class-hall, and library, an equally perfect installation of electric-lighting, swimming baths, etc., etc., the material comforts of the students leave little to be desired. In other respects their lot may not appear quite so roseate, at least to students of an older generation. Rules are now more numerous and more rigidly enforced, while the increasing number of subjects which of late years are being added to the curriculum, entails a continuous mental and physical effort which must prove a severe test of endurance to any but really gifted students.

It will be generally admitted, I think, that of recent innovations the General Vacation at Christmas represents to a Maynooth student the *Summum Bonum* of material gratification. Under the old system, while most of us had to remain in the college during the Christmas recess, others of the students were free to go out after their examinations were concluded. This was an arrangement depending entirely on the will of the Bishops, who legislated in the matter, each for his respective diocese. A few of the Bishops had made it a hard and fast rule that their students were not to be allowed to go out. Others allowed more freedom to their students. The departure of these latter did not tend to make more pleasant the lot of their less fortunate brethren who were compelled to remain behind. The greatest diversion we could hope for or obtain was the President's permission to visit Dublin for a day; but even that permission was not always readily granted. Indeed it was sometimes impossible to get a hearing from the latter; and even when we were fortunate enough to obtain an interview, it frequently ended by our being promptly ushered to the door, when the first inkling of our business began to dawn in his venerable head. There was one student of my acquaintance who, having exhausted all orthodox and conventional methods, thought to effect a *coup d'état* by appealing to the old gentleman's vanity. The fact that he had already been repulsed twice did not in any way damp his ardor or abate his self-assurance, and with a hope that the President would have forgotten all about the previous interviews, he went up to his rooms with his plan of operations very carefully thought out.

"My *Lord,*" he began, "I understand, my *Lord,* that the Bishops of Ireland have invested you with plentitude of jurisdiction in regard to the students of this college. May I have your permission, my *Lord,* to go to-morrow to Dublin?"

"Most of the Bishops, and Archbishops (ahem!) too, have been so gracious, I am flattered to say, but at the same time, Mr. O'Connor, I must decline to grant you the permission you ask."

"But, Monsignor——"

"That will do now; if you really *have* business in Dublin and wish to go there, you must first (ahem!) have your Bishop's permission in writing."

"But, Doctor Gargan, the Bishop leaves everything in your hands."

"Your Bishop, I regret to say, does not, and besides, even if he did" (moving quickly toward the door) "even if he did—" but the remainder of the sentence was lost on O'Connor. He probably felt he could supply it in his own mind, and with a curt, unceremonious "Good-day, *Father* Gargan", he made his way down the stairs with all possible haste.

A group of students who were evidently bent on a similar errand, were at the foot of the stairs eagerly awaiting the result of this interview, but it did not take long to convince them that when a finished tactician of O'Connor's status had failed, it would be a hopeless waste of energy for them to try; and although O'Connor's method of diplomacy had warmly commended itself to them, they seemed to be unanimously of opinion that had he only persevered in his first and original mode of address, the interview would doubtless have had a much more pleasant and satisfactory termination; to all of which O'Connor gloomily signified approval, attributing his want of success to the fact that when he saw he was making no impression he completely lost his temper.

The first official duty of a student's day was morning prayer. It was read by the deans in their respective divisions at 6.30, when all students were supposed to be in their places in the oratory. The athletic prowess displayed by some belated students, rushing down the stairs just on the stroke of the clock, was marvelous to behold, and was such as might turn a troupe of professional acrobats green with envy. There was a story told of a student who once by way of experiment made the descent by means of the bell rope. Having done so, he evidently came to the conclusion that the stairs, if less rapid, entailed less danger of breaking his neck. At all events it is not recorded that he ever attempted the feat again. Few of the students were ever late for prayers; apart from other considerations, the consequences of habitual negligence in this important duty might be found to be unpleasantly serious at the end of the academic term.

After morning prayer half an hour was devoted to meditation—on Sunday the dean delivered a lecture instead—and then the students assisted at Holy Mass. There was one Very

Venerable, a dear old man, who sometimes said the community Mass for the Divinity students. He was one of the spiritual directors of the college, and was among the holiest and most conscientious priests it has ever been my fortune to know. He has since gone to his happy reward. At Mass, however, he was painfully slow, and at the consumption of the Sacred Species he was particularly painstaking and exact. Always careful to the point of scrupulosity, he never seemed to be thoroughly satisfied that all the Sacred Fragments had been collected from the corporal, and would return to it time and again, holding the paten this way and that to allow the light to fall on it with a view to detecting any minute fragment that might remain.

Some of the fourth year's divines one day made bold to mention the matter to him and to twit him about it in a jocose way.

"Father C—", they said, "do you know what the students are saying?"

"What is it, child?"

"Well! that you keep looking, and admiring yourself in the paten."

"Do they say so, now. My! oh, my! Ungrateful boys, how unkind!"

After that, in our oratory at any rate, his Mass was always finished within a reasonable time. Quite in contrast to him, but no less conscientious, was another priest who used occasionally to say Mass for us. It is related somewhere of a Canon of Winchester that he could give any other of the Canons to "Pontius Pilate" in the Creed, and beat him. Without wishing to be irreverent, I should say that this particular priest could begin Mass when any other priest was at the Gospel, and finish before him. He had a natural aptitude for rapidity of movement and quickness of speech. Different natures are differently constituted, and he doubtless felt that the danger of distraction was in his case considerably lessened by performing the sacred ceremony without avoidable delay.

The hour between Mass and breakfast was ostensibly set apart for study, though it was not infrequently devoted to the completion of a hasty and unfinished toilet and setting the rooms in order; the rest of the hour was passed with one eye

on the book and another on the clock, and an ear waiting for the first sound of the breakfast bell as 8.30 approached. It is only natural to suppose that no one was by any chance ever late for this particular or any similar function. Although in no sense a triumph of the culinary art or what the dilettanti would term gastronomic metaphysics, the food, considering the enormous crowd that had daily to be catered for, left little to be desired either in the matter of quantity or quality. We had few luxuries, it is true, but meals were all the more wholesome because of that. Chronic indigestion and constipation unhappily played havoc with the health of many students, due, I believe, to the abnormal proportion of *calcium* which the water contains, and which it would seem is deposited in the form of sediment in the alimentary tubes just as carbon is deposited in the boilers of a locomotive or in an ordinary kitchen kettle. At least such was the explanation vouchsafed to me by a student who, from painful experience and careful study of the malady, professed to speak with expert knowledge on the matter, and who could dilate on the mysticism of gastronomic alchemy with far more fluency and brilliancy than he could, say, on the essence of habitual grace or the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. It was pitiable to see the wreck which it made of the health of some poor students, and at the time when the regular Christmas vacation had not yet been instituted it was by no means uncommon for students to be obliged to take an extended vacation in the middle of the term, a proceeding which, whilst it no doubt proved highly beneficial to their health, afterward entailed considerable labor and trouble in making up lost ground in class.

During meals strict silence was observed in the refectory—I mean, of course, apart from the terrific din which is necessarily occasioned by the frequent clashing of 500 knives and forks with a corresponding number of plates, not to mention the sonorous tones of the reader in the pulpit. "The harmony of the dinner table," Le Gallienne remarks, "is a music first composed in the kitchen, transferred to notation on the menu, and finally performed in a skilful melody of digestion." Whether all these elements are essential to a successful and satisfactory meal I do not profess to know, but I do know that

there was no time when the students seemed more in harmony with themselves and with everything else than when the bell summoned them to the refectory. A very worthy priest of my acquaintance makes it a point to extend hospitality twice a year to a number of young priests and students in the shape of an invitation to dinner. There is a careful and rigid exclusion of the elder brethren of the cloth, his idea being that, after all, the young fellows are the only people worth giving a dinner to, as they alone know how to appreciate and enjoy it; and the average Maynooth student, whether inside or outside the College, can be relied on to give a good account of himself on these occasions.

I think it is Le Gallienne again who remarks that "the kitchen is the power-house of the soul". To pursue the metaphor, the only occasions on which there was any departure from the ordinary routine supply of power, were Christmas, Hallow-Eve, and St. Patrick's Day. On these days we were treated to a right royal repast, more expressively termed by the students a "Gaudeamus" or a "Spread". There were occasions when the philosophically inclined might freely descant on what somebody facetiously calls "the metaphysics of roast duck"—yes, and for that matter, of ham and roast beef and the various other appetizing delicacies which are usually associated with a groaning and luxurious dinner table. There was a fruit mess and a wine mess, at either of which any students might sit, but he might not partake of both. The wine mess was never largely patronized, and has since, I understand, on that account been entirely discontinued. There was no reading on these special days, but the reader by custom was always entitled to a bottle of wine, and it was the subject of frequent calculations for weeks before as to who was likely to be the fortunate individual. On these occasions we were generally left free to enjoy our dinner minus the supervision of the ubiquitous dean, who was supposed to take an all-absorbing interest in watching the various processes by which the human animal fortified himself.

After dinner songs were sung, and in the evening a play or variety entertainment much appreciated by the students was always provided in the Aula Maxima. Mr. W. Ludwig, the celebrated bass, once favored us with several songs, and an

American priest from Kentucky who accompanied him created no end of amusement by a jolly speech in which in truly characteristic American fashion he proposed a vote of thanks to his friend Mr. Ludwig, "from the ground right up ever so high".

Just now on glancing back it occurs to me that, having introduced this chapter as "A Student's Daily Day", I have so far said little or nothing about it. Well, if the truth must be told there is, dear reader, little or nothing to say. "Cribbed, cabined, and confined," as the student is, the ordinary routine of his life allows little room for variety. Strict silence is enforced all day, and every day, except during the two or three hours set apart for legitimate recreation. The remainder of the time is divided between study and the lecture halls. Once a month the professor of Irish delivered a lecture in the McMahon Hall on Irish archeology, to which all the students were invited. Occasionally we were privileged to hear some distinguished lecturer or scholar from another College or University who usually came on the invitation of the President to lecture on some interesting and entertaining subject. On these special occasions there was always a dinner given in the Professors' quarters to which many prominent people from outside, both lay and clerical, were invited. It was at one of these dinners, I believe, that a careless waiter happened to let a plate of soup spill over a very venerable and distinguished ecclesiastic. Somewhat aroused by the incident, he turned on the offending waiter: "What the ——" he began; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he turned to the table: "Ahem! Perhaps some layman would kindly oblige me by saying a few words appropriate to the occasion."

Sunday in Maynooth differed little from the other days of the week. There were no lectures as a rule. A large academic institution like Maynooth, with its trained ecclesiastics, its beautiful chapels, and everything else conducive to devotion, naturally owes to itself and to the Church that all liturgical functions be carried out with that magnificence and accuracy of detail to which the elaborate ritual of the Church so obviously lends itself. And indeed it is only right to say that the solemnity and impressiveness of the ceremonies were in every way worthy of the venerable traditions which the

Roman Catholic Church in her history has left behind her. With six hundred and fifty white-robed ecclesiastics chanting the solemn strains of Gregorian music antiphonally, and with one of the best choirs of trained voices in the world, the divine service was always a function well worthy of the most cherished traditions of the Eternal City. There are petty minds who profess to sneer at Maynooth and the Maynooth training. I have met them sometimes outside Ireland. They will always be found to be men whose ideas are warped, and whose judgments are prejudiced from the narrow associations of diocesan or provincial colleges, whose minds are tinged with a certain national sectarianism; but facts if they regard them must force even these to admit that, when hard work has to be faced, the Irish priest is always at hand to do it; and that neither in point of learning, nor sanctity, nor priestly equipment has the Irish soggarth to yield the palm to any other nation on this broad earth, or forgo the ancient, glorious, and national traditions of the Island of Scholars and of Saints. Maynooth to-day stands in the forefront of the great ecclesiastical institutions of the world—Maynooth with its 650 university graduates, and its staff which includes thirty-five professors and lecturers chosen from the best that Ireland can produce; Maynooth whose venerable halls have sent forth over 7,000 chosen ministers of God's Church, and whose bishops and priests are to be found " in the remotest confines of the earth and the farthest off islands of the sea ".

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THE OLD PRIEST'S VESPERS—AND COMPLIN.[1]

FATHER FLAVIN yawned long and loudly, and his chin nodded down to where the snuff rested in little rills upon his chest. But his head did not rest; it nodded again, up and down, and the spectacles slipped to an impossible angle on his nose. Unconsciously the knotted old hands had kept hold of the thumb-worn office book, but after a time they too relaxed, and the breviary fell with sufficient force to arouse the

[1] The following story is substantially true to fact.

dozer. He started then and opened his eyes, and stooping gathered up the book and its scattered contents, and opened the leaves at the office of the day.

Vespers had been said, of that he had no doubt; it was only before beginning Complin that he had paused for a moment, and the involuntary interlude of slumber was the result.

Certainly it was terribly hot. Even in the shade of the garden trees where the old man sat it was unlike anything an ordinary summer produces within reach of such Atlantic breezes as usually kept the parish swept. The season was altogether unprecedented; no summer within the memory of man had produced such burning sun, so universal a drought. There had been a good deal of sickness too, one way and another. More than one young girl had gone out to the weary task of water-drawing with hair only covered, as is the custom, with a loose handkerchief or the corner of a shawl, and had come in, to rest a wildly aching head on a pillow from which it was never to be raised again.

Then too the stagnant pools had been irresistible, where the wells were dry, both to children and to workers in whom common sense and self-control were equally wanting, and the consequences had been not only frequent visits of the Union cart, from the rumble of which along the dusty roads even the children ran, but also several sudden inroads of the fever, where the patient was swept away before doctor could be summoned or van requisitioned. Only the priest had been sent for, and his ministrations had been all that were needed or obtained. Father Flavin decided that he would not attempt the psalms for the closing of the day just yet. It was early still, as the glaring heat in the garden testified. He would wait and rest now, and when evening came he would pray. So now with book laid in safety on the bench at his side, again his head fell down in sleep.

The birds twittering about him—lazily, for they too felt the heat—did not disturb him; they were old friends all, and their voices were a soothing lullaby. Biddy, calling to the boy to " go for the love o' God an' fetch another taste o' water from the chapel tank beyond, for them ducks that was fairly perished with the drought ", Biddy disturbed him no more than the birds. Indeed her requests for water had become

almost as incessant as the chirping of the birds, or the quacking of the thirsty ducks.

But later another voice, not that of the boy, came to his slumber-dulled ears, a voice that alternated from entreaty to indignation, and the sleeper moved uneasily, feeling there was something going on in which he ought to have his say. Then he went back to dreaming, and he saw again in sleep a scene that had been enacted under his waking eyes only a few weeks before, and that had dwelt with him since, as something infinitely tender, infinitely consoling, a token of love that repaid the weary service of many a dark ride through wet and storm on winter nights.

He had been in the garden, then as now—indeed one of Biddy's perennial grievances was the fact that, as she expressed it, "Every moment he's in the house, God help him, he's in the garden"—resting too after a long and sad day's work.

Three children had died of fever in the same house. True, three little souls had gone to heaven, unafraid because Father Flavin had reminded them that Jesus was waiting; yet three little bodies lay still in a lonely house, where a lonely mother sat and watched till daylight would bring the digger of three little graves.

Then, as now, a voice had come to him, and through the gathering dusk of a short summer's night a shadowy figure had risen up beside him, a figure whose bare feet had made no sound, falling on the softness of the turf, and a low husky voice had asked him to hold his hands in absolution over a head that Death had claimed for its own.

"Where was the dying man?" He had not been able to keep the tone of utter weariness out of his voice as he questioned, but the answer came, huskily again but quickly, reassuring though amazing. It was no man who sought him, but a woman, the woman who now fell on her knees a pace away from him. Yes, she was dying. She knew it, felt it, and as the shawl slipped onto her shoulders and the moon shone on her gray-drawn face, Father Flavin could not say her nay. She had "left the childer, God give them rest in glory! sure, they didn't need her now"—and had come for the comfort of which, a few hours earlier, when the priest had been in her

own house, she had not felt the need. The sickness this summer had been very quick and sure.

"Why had she not sent for him?" The priest spoke almost sternly. Surely the fever had not made every man in the parish a coward?

"Because"—the answer came simply, for the woman had no thought that her act was anything but the most natural. She had never heard, in modern Gaelic at all events, the word "heroine". Because "hadn't his reverence spent himself entirely that day, an' weren't the childer, God rest them! lyin' round the kitchen these hours. The doctor had said to go into such a house, an' you drunk or tired, was certain death."

And so when Death began to creep upon her, she unspancelled the ass and started, two miles and more of a rough bog road, and here she was; "the ass, savin' his honor's favor, was standin' at the gate".

She was quite peaceful. Wasn't she "goin' to God Almighty to be with the childer an' himself who'd lost his life three years ago at sea?" Only she was very weary, and when, in a voice more husky now than her own, the priest had said the prayers, had anointed her there, in the garden, creeping in for what was needed, like a thief in the night for fear of Biddy,—when all was over she had insisted, nay she had even spoken angrily to the priest, to let her go her own way. So perforce she had her will, only unknown to her the old man had followed even into the shadows of the hillside till the doorway of her own house swallowed her up. Then the tears that had hardened into a ball in his throat came to his eyes, and flowed down the ruts and furrows of his cheeks.

And in his sleep, as he dreamt over again the story of the woman whom he had buried with her children by her side, the tears came as before and choked him, till, between them and the voices which were still wrangling in the kitchen, he awoke.

It was the usual thing, an altercation between Biddy and some one who, for all answer to a declaration that their sick-call was urgent, was met with the information that the curate was out, but would be in for dinner, and the messenger might rely upon her, Biddy's, word that "Mrs. Costello wouldn't go—God be good to her!—till the turn o' the evening. That was the time they went mostly, without they lasted to the dusk before the dawn."

But the voice of the messenger told the now fully-awakened listener which of the many owners of the name of Costello was seeking for his priestly ministrations.

Mary-from-Loughee, they called her. For fifty years ago she had come over the mountains to marry one of the sea-going Costellos. And from that same parish had come the priest who, making an exception to the usual diocesan procedure, had long labored first as curate, then as pastor in the home of Mary's husband.

Father Flavin had only lately had a curate himself; but the habit of making use of younger bones was one he did not seem able to acquire. In other parishes the curates seemed fully occupied. Here, assistance was certainly welcome on Sundays, and during the week the school attendance rose considerably, for according as the speaker was only an irregular attendant or a systematic "mitcher", Father McMurrogh was either "a bit wicked" or "horrid mad". But except when Biddy absolutely forbade it and refused to disclose where she had hidden hat and stick, Father Flavin clung to his old habits, and did his visiting and most of his sick-calls unaided.

Then the curate complained that there was nothing to do, and so his bicycle carried him farther afield. Had he been at home now, or had the sick-call come from anyone but Mary-from-Loughee, Father Flavin would have willingly accepted the offer of being replaced, which, when at home, the young man eagerly made. But he was *not* at home, and it *was* Mary. It was seldom, very seldom now that he was peremptory with Biddy; but when he was, there was not a word to be said. It was no use speaking of the heat, no use reminding him that he was tired, no use even using the last and biting weapon of a reference to his age. He was going. That was all.

The pony was away, being shod. This was a triumphant fact. Very well, he would walk. Certainly it was not very far and the road all the way was downhill. But the sun was very, very hot and even the white dust seemed almost to burn his feet as he dragged them along, for he was tired and he was old, although before Biddy he would own to neither.

There was no coolness, even in the Costello's kitchen. Here again it seemed that Biddy was right. The sick woman certainly would not go before the turn of the night and, judg-

ing by the strength of her voice, there was great probability of her lasting till the dusk of the morning.

She received the Food for the journey on which she was about to start, fully conscious, and followed the prayers that the priest read slowly and clearly. Time was when he had read them quickly enough, but now, with the tired aching of his own head and limbs, he seemed to find ease and comfort in the familiar words:

"Depart, ye Christian soul."

Ah well! and why not? Another sentence came to his mind. "The night cometh, when no man can work." What use would he be if the night came upon him,—would it not be easier to pass out into light everlasting? Somehow to-day for the first time in all his life, the desire to go on living burnt low within him.

"Well, Father James"—Mary-from-Loughee spoke thus to him with a familiarity that none of his other parishioners used—"so after all 'tis me to go the first of us; but you have a good six years more than I have to carry to the grave, an' maybe it wont be long till God Almighty has a place ready for you as well."

"Maybe not, Mary, maybe not. I believe you're right. I'm getting an old man."

"Getting an old man!" In all eyes but his own he had been an old man for years, and yet he remained so active that now, going out into the great heat not one of the Costellos thought it might be more than such an old man could bear.

The road coming had been downhill. Therefore returning it mounted, mounted wearily and all the while the sun burned and burned, through the thin fringe of hair, and the blood was pumped too violently through the old veins for an old heart to bear.

At long, long last he regained the garden. Biddy had for a moment forsaken her lookout, and so she missed him. His lips were parched; he wanted a drink so badly, but—but—. Involuntarily his limbs relaxed and he sank back on the seat he had quitted not so long before.

He had said Vespers. Yes, that he remembered, but not Complin, and—it was curious, for the sun had certainly been shining a few moments ago—it was getting dark.

He began the familiar psalms, holding his book open from long-continued habit, but praying from memory only.

The darkness was gathering. Still he went on with his office. He was very, very tired; but God knew he meant no inattention. Then there were voices. Biddy's again and Father McMurrogh's.

" But he has come back. He is sitting there in the garden." He knew the quick incisive young voice that had earned for its owner the reputation of being " a bit wicked ". He saw the short slight figure, the long black coat, gray now with dust; and as his eyelids fell he caught the glimmer of the sun on bicycle clips. Then it was dark. But again he opened his eyes.

He saw a startled young face. The quick flash of a purple ribbon from a dusty pocket. A figure kneeling beside him with bared head. An upraised hand.

But his office. He was forgetting it.

" Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes, custodi nos dormientes." Yes, he would soon be ready to sleep " ut vigilemus cum Christo, et requiescamus in pace ". His words must have been audible, for a voice answered him, " Amen ".

Then again it was dark, quite, quite dark. But he had said his Complin.

A. DEASE.

Analecta.

SACRA CONGREGATIO CONSISTORIALIS.

I.

ERECTIONIS DIOECESIS KEARNEYENSIS.

Ssmus Dominus Noster Pius PP. X decreto huius Sacrae Consistorialis Congregationis diei 8 martii 1912 peramplum dioecesis Omahensis territorium bifariam divisit, in eiusque occidentali parte novam et distinctam dioecesim, Kearneyensem ab urbe vulgo *Kearney* denominandam, erexit.

Limites novae Kearneyensis dioecesis hi sunt, idest *ad orientem* fines orientales comitatum civilium *Keyapaha, Rock, Garfield, Valley, Sherman* et *Buffalo; ad meridiem* vero flumen *Platte* ac dein confinia civilia inter Status *Nebraska* et *Colorado; ad occidentem* et *ad septentrionem* denique ipsa confinia civilia Status *Nebraska;* ita ut nova haec dioecesis comprehendat viginti sex comitatus civiles integros, videlicet *Keyapaha, Rock, Garfield, Valley, Sherman, Buffalo, Cheyenne, Kimball, Banner, Scotts Bluff, Sioux, Dawes, Box Butte, Morrill, Garden, Sheridan, Cherry, Grant, Hooker, Thomas, McPherson, Logan, Custer, Blaine, Loup* et *Brown;* itemque partem comitatuum civilium *Dawson, Lincoln, Keith* ac *Deuel* nuncupatorum.

Insuper praedictam dioecesim suffraganeam constituit metropolitanae ecclesiae Dubuquensis.

II.

ERECTIONIS DIOECESIS CORPORIS CHRISTI.

Item eadem Sanctitas Sua decreto eiusdem Sacrae Congregationis diei 23 martii 1912 Brownsvillensem apostolicum vicariatum, iisdem ut antea territorii finibus circumscriptum, in dioecesim erexit ac instituit, quam a civitate ubi sedis episcopalis statuta est *Corpus Christi* denominavit, eamque suffraganeam metropolitanae ecclesiae Novae Aureliae constituit.

III.

DECLARATIONIS CIRCA DIOECESIS FINES WAYNE-CASTRENSIS.

Pariter decreto eiusdem Sacrae Congregationis diei 29 martii 1912 Ssmus Dominus Noster declarare dignatus est Wayne-Castrensem dioecesim totum complecti septentrionale territorium civilis Status *Indiana,* ita ut ipsa iisdem quoquoversus circumscribatur finibus quibus antea dioecesis Vincennopolitana, modo autem Indianapolitana nuncupata, a qua tamen ad meridiem discriminatur per australia confinia comitatuum civilium vulgo *Warren, Fountain, Montgomery, Boone, Hamilton, Madison, Delaware* et *Randolph,* quos et comprehendit.

SACRA CONGREGATIO CONCILII.

LITTERAE CIRCA DIES FESTOS.

Plurimus ex locis pervenerunt ad hanc S. Congregationem Concilii supplices libelli, quibus instantissime postulatur ut omnes aut nonnulli dies festi de numero festivitatum sub praecepto per litteras Apostolicas diei 2 iulii 1911 expuncti, in pristinum restituantur, tum ad satisfaciendum pietati fidelium id enixe expetentium, tum ob alias peculiares cuiusque loci rationes. Potissimum vero supplicatum fuit ut festum Ssmi Corporis Christi celebrari possit cum solemni processione et pompa, ut antea, feria V post Dominicam Ssmae Trinitatis, eam praesertim ob causam quod huiusmodi processionis defectum non sine animi moerore et spirituali iactura pati vi-

deantur populi, qui eam diem specialiter solemnem habere et miro splendore celebrare consueverunt.

Porro, Ssmus Dnus N. Pius PP. X, Cui relatio de praemissis facta fuit ab infrascripto Cardinali huius S. Congregationis Praefecto, plane cupiens ne, ex praepostera aut non recta interpretatione praedictarum litterarum, fidelium pietas ac debitus Deo cultus imminuantur; volens imo ut, quoad fieri possit, augeantur, haec quae sequuntur declarari, praecipi atque indulgeri mandavit:

1° Quum, perpensis temporum rerumque novarum adiunctis, Summus Pontifex nonnullos dies expunxit e numero festivitatum sub praecepto, quemadmodum non semel a Suis Decessoribus factum fuit, minime sane intellexit ut eorum dierum festivitas omnino supprimeretur; vult immo Sanctitas Sua ut iidem dies in sacris templis celebrentur non minori quam antea, solemnitate, et, si fieri potest, eadem populi frequentia. Ea vero fuit et est Sanctitatis Suae mens, ut relaxata maneat tantummodo sanctio qua fideles tenebantur iis diebus audire Sacrum et abstinere ab operibus servilibus; idque potissimum ad evitandas frequentiores praecepti transgressiones et ne forte contingeret ut, dum a multis Deus honorificatur, ab aliis non sine gravi animarum detrimento offenderetur. Praecipit itaque Eadem Sanctitas Sua omnibus et singulis animarum curam gerentibus ut ipsi, dum haec commissis sibi gregibus significant, ne cessent eos hortari vehementer ut, iis etiam diebus, pergant suam in Deum pietatem et in Sanctos venerationem, quantum maxime poterunt, testari, praesertim per frequentiam in ecclesiis ad audienda sacra aliaque pia exercitia peragenda.

2° Quo autem Christifideles magis excitentur ad supradictos dies festos pie sancteque excolendos, vigore praesentium litterarum, conceditur omnibus locorum Ordinariis ampla facultas dispensandi cum suis subditis super lege ieiunii et abstinentiae, quoties dies abstinentiae vel ieiunio consecratus incidat in festum quod, licet praecepto non subiectum, cum debita populi frequentia devote celebratur.

3° Item, per praesentes litteras conceditur ut festum Ssmi Corporis Christi, ubi Sacrorum Antistites ita in Domino expedire censuerint, etsi praecepto non obstrictum, celebrari possit cum solemni processione et pompa, prout antea, feria V

post Dominicam Ssmae Trinitatis; contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus.

Datum Romae ex Secretaria Sacrae Congregationis Concilii, die 3 maii 1912.

C. CARD. GENNARI, *Praefectus.*

L. * S.

O. GIORGI, *Secretarius.*

S. CONGREGATIO RITUUM.

I.

URBIS ET ORBIS.

(*Continuatur.*)

MUTATIONES IN BREVIARIO ET MISSALI ROMANO FACIENDAS AD NORMAM CONSTITUTIONIS APOSTOLICAE " DIVINO AFFLATU."

Expungatur integrum Psalterium, eique substituatur Ordinarium *et* Novum Psalterium.

In Proprio de Tempore Breviarii.

Post Festum Ss. Innocentium, suppressis Rubricis quae nunc habentur, ponantur sequentes:

Si Festum Nativitatis Domini, S. Stephani, S. Joannis Evang. et Ss. Innocentium venerit in Dominica, ipsa die nihil fit de Dominica, sed die proxima post Festum S. Thomae Mart. fit de ea, ut infra.

Si Festum Sancti Thomae venerit in Dominica, tunc in II. Vesp. Ss. Innocentium fit comm. Dom. (Ant. *Dum medium. V. Verbum caro.* Oratio *Omnipotens* ut infra), deinde S. Thomae et trium Octavarum. Ipsa vero die Dominica fit Officium de ea, ritu semiduplici, ut infra ponitur, et ad Laudes fit Comm. S. Thomae et quatuor Octavarum. In II. Vesp. fit Officium de Nativitate, ritu semiduplici, a capitulo de Dominica cum comm. sequentis diei infra Octavam Nativitatis (Ant. *Hodie. v. Notum.* Oratio *Concede*), S. Thomae et trium Octavarum. Die vero 30 Decembris fit Officium de die infra Oct. Nativitatis, ritu semiduplici, ut infra, cum commemoratione trium Octavarum; et II. Vesperae dicuntur, ritu duplici, de Nativitate, a capitulo de S. Silvestro cum commemoratione quatuor Octavarum.

Si vero Dominica venerit die 30 Decembris, in Sabbato dicuntur Vesperae de Nativitate, ritu semiduplici, a capitulo de Dominica cum commemoratione S. Thomae et quatuor Octavarum. Ipsa vero die Dominica fit Officium de ea, ritu semiduplici, et ad Laudes fit commemoratio quatuor Octavarum. In II. autem Vesperis fit Officium de Nativitate, ritu semiduplici, a capitulo de Dominica cum commemoratione sequentis Festi S. Silvestri et quatuor Octavarum.

Si denique Dominica venerit in Festo S. Silvestri, in II. Vesp. S. Thomae fit comm. seq. diei infra Oct. Nativitatis et aliarum Octavarum. Die 30 Decembris fit Officium de die infra Oct. Nativ., ut infra, et in II. Vesp. fit Officium de Nativitate, ritu semiduplici, a capitulo de Dominica; deinde fit comm. diei infra Octav. Nativitatis, S. Silvestri et aliarum Octavarum. Die vero 31 Decembris fit Officium de Dominica, ritu semiduplici, ut infra: ad Laudes fit comm. S. Silvestri et quatuor Octavarum: et II. Vesp. fiunt de Circumcisione Domini cum comm. Dominicae tantum.

Deinde ponitur:

DOMINICA INFRA OCTAVA NATIVITATIS.

In I. Vesperis: Capitulum *Fratres, quanto tempore,* etc. Hymnus *Jesu, Redemptor,* ut supra. *v. Verbum caro,* etc. Ad Magnificat Ant. *Dum medium,* etc. Oratio *Omnipotens.* Postea fit comm. Octavarum.

Deinde omnia ut in Breviario usque ad II. Vesp. inclusive.

Postea ponitur:

DIE 29 DECEMBRIS.

In Festo S. Thomae Episc. Mart. *Duplex.*

Oratio *Deus pro cujus,* etc.

In I Nocturno: Lectiones *A Mileto.*

In II. Nocturno: *Thomas,* etc. (*ut in Breviario*).

In III. Nocturno: *Ut in Breviario.*

Ad Laudes: Capitulum *Beatus vir* etc. Hymnus: *Invicte Martyr, unicum. v. Iustus ut palma,* etc. Ad Benedictus Ant. *Qui odit animam suam* etc. Oratio *Deus pro cujus* ut supra.

Postea fit comm. Octavarum.

Ad Horas: Capitula et *RR.* sumuntur de Comm. unius Martyris.

Ad Vesperas: Ant. et Psalmi de Nativitate, Capitulum, ut supra ad Laudes. Hymnus: *Deus tuorum militum. v. Iustus ut palma* etc. Ad Magnificat ant. *Qui vult venire* etc. Oratio *Deus pro cujus* ut supra. Deinde fit com. sequentis diei infra Oct. Nativitatis: Ant. *Hodie* etc. *v. Notum* etc. Oratio *Concede* etc. Postea fit com. aliarum Octavarum.

Die 30 Decembris.

De VI. Die infra Oct. Nativitatis. *Semiduplex.*

Omnia dicuntur ut in Festo Nativitatis, praeter *RR.* quae sumuntur de Dominica et Lectiones III. Nocturni, ut infra: *Lectio sancti Evangelii* etc. (*ut in Breviario*).

Ad Laudes fit commemoratio de aliis Octavis.

Ad Vesperas: Ant. et Psal. de Nativitate. Capitulum *Ecce Sacerdos* etc. Hymnus *Iste Confessor. v. Amavit.* Ad Magnificat Ant. *Sacerdos et Pontifex.* Oratio *Da quaesumus.* Deinde fit comm. praecedentis diei infra Octav. Nativitatis. Ant. *Hodie. v. Notum.* Oratio *Concede.* Postea fit comm. aliarum Octavarum.

Die 31 Decembris.

In Festo S. Silvestri I. Papae Confessoris. *Duplex.*

Oratio *Da quaesumus.* In I. Nocturno (*ut in Breviario*). In II. Nocturno (*ut in Breviario*). In III. Nocturno Homilia in Evang. *Sint lumbi* de comm. Conf. non Pont. cum *RR.* de Comm. Conf. Pont.

Ad Laudes: Capitulum *Ecce sacerdos magnus* etc. Hymnus *Jesu Redemptor omnium. v. Justus* etc. Ad Benedictus Ant. *Euge, serve bone* etc. Oratio *Da quaesumus* etc. Postea fit comm. Octavarum.

Ad Horas: Capitula et *RR.* sumuntur de Comm. Conf. Pont.

Vesperae dicuntur de Circumcisione Domini, sine commemoratione S. Silvestri et Octavarum.

Post Festum Circumcisionis ponatur haec Rubrica: Si in die Circumcisionis, aut in sequentibus, usque ad Epiphaniam inclusive, Dominica occurrerit, de ea nihil fit.

DOMINICA INFRA OCTAVAM EPIPHANIAE.

In II. Vesperis, pro comm. Octavae loco Ant. Tribus miraculis, *ponatur Ant.* Magi videntes.

In die Octava Epiphaniae. Dupl. majus.

Ad Laudes Dominicae Sexagesimae, loco quintae Antiphonae In tympano, *substituatur sequens:* In excelsis * laudate Deum.

Ad Laudes Dominicae tertiae Quadragesimae, loco Antiphonae tertiae Deus misereatur, *substituatur sequens:* Adhaesit anima mea * post te, Deus meus.

Ad Laudes Dominicae IV. Quadragesimae, loco Antiphonae tertiae Benedicat nos Deus, *substituatur sequens:* Me suscepit * dextera tua, Domine.

Ad Laudes Feriae IV. Majoris Hebdomadae, loco Antiphonae tertiae Ipsi vero, *substituatur sequens:* Tu autem, Domine, * scis omne consilium eorum adversum me in mortem.

Item loco Antiphonae quintae Alliga Domine, *substituatur sequens:* Fac, Domine, * judicium injuriam patientibus: et vias peccatorum disperde.

Ad Laudes Feriae V. in Coena Domini, Feriae VI. in Parasceve et Sabbati Sancti ponantur Psalmi de Feria currenti, retento pro Sabbato Cantico Ego dixi *etc.*

In fine Feriae V. in Coena Domini Rubrica Ad Completorium *etc. sic corrigatur:* Ad Completorium non dicitur . . . incipitur a Psalmo *Cum invocarem:* et dicuntur Psalmi de Dominica, ut in Psalterio. Dictis Psalmis *etc.*

Ad Completorium Sabbati Sancti verba Rubricae: Deinde sine Antiphona dicuntur Psalmi consueti, *sic corrigantur:* Deinde sine Antiphona dicuntur Psalmi de Dominica.

Post Laudes Dominicae Resurrectionis Rubrica Ad Primam *etc. sic corrigatur:* Ad Primam, Tertiam, Sextam . . . dicuntur Psalmi de Dominica, ad Primam tamen ut in Festis, quibus finitis *etc.*

Ad Completorium Dominicae Resurrectionis, Rubrica Dicto *v. etc. sic corrigatur:* Dicto *v.* dicuntur Psalmi de Dominica . . . quibus finitis *etc.*

DOMINICA IN ALBIS IN OCTAVA PASCHAE. *Duplex majus.*

Ad Laudes suppressis Antiphonis et Psalmis usque ad Capitulum, dicatur: Omnia ut in Psalterio.

FERIA II. POST DOMINICAM IN ALBIS.

Ad Laudes supprimatur Rubrica, quae incipit: Postea fit commemoratio, *usque ad v.* et Oratio, ut supra *inclusive.*

DOMINICA INFRA OCTAVAM ASCENSIONIS.

In fine addatur: Si vero in crastinum fiat Officium de Octava, Ant. et *v.* sumuntur e I. Vesperis festi.

In Octava Ascensionis. Duplex majus.

In Festo SS. Trinitatis addatur: Duplex I. classis.

In fine Feriae IV. post Oct. Pentecostes si corrigantur Rubricae:

Feria V. celebratur Commemoratio solemnis Sanctissimi Corporis D. N. J. C.

Infra Octavam non fit de Festo, nisi fuerit Duplex I. classis: reliqua Festa vel transferuntur post Octavam, vel commemorantur juxta Rubricas, in Vesperis et Laudibus, sine IX. lectione.

Die vero Octava non fit nisi de Festo SS. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, si occurrat, cum commemoratione ejusdem diei Octavae.

IN COMMEMORATIONE SOLEMNI SANCTISSIMI CORPORIS D. N. J. C. *Duplex I. classis cum Octava.*

DOMINICA INFRA OCTAVAM CORPORIS CHRISTI.

In II. Vesperis, pro commemoratione Octavae ponantur Antiphona et v. e I. Vesp. Festi.

In fine Feriae IV. infra Octavam Corporis Christi sic corrigatur Rubrica:

Ad Vesperas, omnia ut in I. Vesperis Festi. Si sequenti die aliud Festum occurrat, vel transferatur vel commemoretur juxta Rubricas, nisi sit Festum SS. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, quod celebratur, cum commemoratione Octavae.

FERIA V.

Octava Corporis Christi. *Duplex majus.*

In fine ponatur haec Rubrica:

Sequenti die celebratur Festum Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu, de quo nulla fit commemoratio in II. Vesperis diei Octavae SS. Corporis Christi.

Si autem hodie celebratum sit Festum Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli cum commemoratione Octavae SS. Corporis Christi, in II. Vesperis Ss. Apostolorum fit tantum commemoratio de sequenti Festo Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu.

In proprio Sanctorum Breviarii.

DIE 14 DECEMBRIS.

Ad Vesperas supprimatur Rubrica quae incipit: Si dies Octava.

DIE 15 DECEMBRIS.

In Octava Immaculatae Conceptionis B. M. V. *Dupl. majus.*

DIE 19 MARTII.

IN COMMEMORATIONE SOLEMNI S. JOSEPH SPONSI B. M. V. CONFESSORIS. *Duplex I. classis.*

In fine mensis Aprilis:

DOMINICA III. POST PASCHA.

IN SOLEMNITATE S. JOSEPH SPONSI B. M. V. et Ecclesiae Universalis Patroni, Confessoris. *Dupl. I. classis cum Octava.*

In fine Officii supprimatur Rubrica Si hoc Festum celebretur *etc.*

FERIA II. INFRA OCTAVAM SOLEMNITATIS S. JOSEPH.

Omnia ut in Festo praeter sequentia: In I. Nocturno Lectiones de Scriptura occurrente. In II. Nocturno *De sermone S. Bernardini Senensis* etc. (*Ut in Octavario Romano pro Octava Patrocinii S. Joseph*).

Et sic in sequentibus Feriis III. IV. V. VI. et Sabbato, adhibitis pro Sabbato Lectionibus, quae in Octavario habentur pro die Octava.

Lectiones III. Nocturni Sabbati ita dividantur:

Lectio VII. *Natalis hodie . . . filium protestatur.*

Lectio VIII. *Honoratior . . . et ipse faber.*

Lectio IX. *Ipse enim . . . deputetur.*

Similiter in lectionibus IV. et VII. ejusdem Sabbati sequentes fiant correctiones:

In Lectione IV. pro verbis: pater ejus, utrumque mente, non carne, *ponatur:* pater ejus, sicut conjux matris ejus, utrumque mente, non carne.

In Lectione VII. pro verbis: in hac se Pater, qui credebatur, insinuat, *ponatur:* in hac se Pater, qui non credebatur, insinuat.

Post Sabbatum infra Octavam Solemnitatis S. Joseph, ponatur sequens Rubrica:

Vesperae dicuntur de sequenti Dominica et in eis fit commemoratio praecedentis diei VII. infra Octavam, cum Ant. et *v.* de II. Vesp. Festi: si autem in Sabbato factum fuerit Officium de aliquo festo IX. Lectionum, fit com. diei Octavae cum Ant. et *v.* e. I. Vesp. Festi.

Sequenti die fit de Dominica IV. post Pascha, nisi occurrat Festum Domini, aut Duplex I. aut II. classis, cum commemoratione diei Octavae in Laud. et II. Vesperis.

In Festo SS. Cordis Jesu.

Prima Rubrica sic corrigatur: Vesperae dicuntur de Octava SSmi Corporis Christi sine ulla commemoratione. Si autem praecedenti Feria V. occurrerit Festum Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, in II. Vesperis Ss. Apostolorum fit commemoratio de Festo Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu: Ant. *Improperium. v. Ignem veni.* Oratio. *Concede, quaesumus.*

Sed si Officium, *etc.*

In eodem Festo Lectiones II. Nocturni, quae nunc inscribuntur: Sermo S. Bernardi Abbatis, *amodo inscribantur:* Sermo S. Bonaventurae Episcopi.

Post diem 21 Junii sequentia inserantur:

Sabbato ante Dom. IV. Junii.

In Vigilia S. Joannis Baptistae.

Hic inserantur quae posita sunt die 23 Junii, dempta ultima Rubrica Si sequenti die, *etc., cujus loco ponatur sequens:*

Si haec Vigilia occurrat eadem die cum Vigilia anticipata Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, totum Officium fit de Vigilia

S. Joannis sine commemoratione alterius Vigiliae, nisi in Missa.

DOMINICA IV. JUNII.

IN NATIVITATE S. JOANNIS BAPTISTAE. *Dupl. I. class. cum Octava.*

Hic inseratur Officium, ut habetur in Breviario die 24 Junii.

Post I. Vesperas addatur sequens Rubrica: Et fit commemoratio Dominicae occurrentis.

Supprimatur deinde Lectio IX., et ponatur haec Rubrica: Lectio IX. de homilia Dominicae occurrentis.

In fine Laudum addatur: Et fit commemoratio Dominicae occurrentis.

In II. Vesperis, in fine, supprimatur: Et fit commemoratio sequentis., *et ponatur:* et fit commemoratio Dominicae occurrentis.

PRIMA DIE LIBERA INFRA OCTAVAM S. JOANNIS BAPTISTAE.

Omnia ut in Festo praeter sequentia:

In I. Nocturno: Lectiones de Scriptura occurrente. In II. Nocturno *Sermo S. Augustini Episcopi. Natalem . . .* (*ut in antiquis Breviariis die 25 Junii*).

In III. Nocturno: *Lectio S. Evangelii*, etc. *De Homilia S. Ambrosii Episcopi. Joannes est . . .* (*ut in Breviario die 1 Julii*).

SECUNDA DIE LIBERA INFRA OCTAVAM S. JOANNIS BAPTISTAE.

Omnia ut in Festo, praeter sequentia:

In I. Nocturno: Lectiones de Scriptura occurrente.

In II. Nocturno: *Sermo Sancti Basilii Magni. Vox Domini . . .* (*ut in Breviario die 27 Junii*).

In III. Nocturno: *Lectio Sancti Evangelii*, etc. *De Homilia S. Ambrosii Episcopi. Et Zacharias . . .* (*ut in Breviario die 27 Junii*).

TERTIA DIE LIBERA INFRA OCTAVAM S. JOANNIS BAPTISTAE.

Omnia ut in Festo, praeter sequentia:

In I. Nocturno: Lectiones de Scriptura occurrente.

In II. Nocturno: *Sermo S. Maximi Episcopi. Festivitatem . . .* (*ut in Breviario die 1 Julii*).

In III. Nocturno:

Lectio S. Evangelii secundum Lucam.

Lectio VII. (Cap. I.)

Elisabeth impletum est tempus pariendi, et peperit filium. Et audierunt vicini, et cognati ejus, quia magnificavit Dominus misericordiam suam cum illa, et congratulabantur ei. Et reliqua.

Homilia Venerabilis Bedae Presbyteri.

(In Nativit. Sancti Joannis).

Praecursoris Domini nativitas, sicut sacratissima lectionis evangelicae prodit historia, multa miraculorum sublimitate refulget: quia nimirum decebat ut ille, quo major inter natos mulierum nemo surrexit, majore prae ceteris sanctis in ipso mox ortu virtutum jubare claresceret. Senes ac diu infecundi parentes dono nobilissimae prolis exultant, ipsi patri, quem incredulitas mutum reddiderat, ad salutandum novae praeconem gratiae os et lingua reseratur. Nec solum facultas Deum benedicendi restituitur, sed de eo etiam prophetandi virtus augetur.

Lectio VIII.

Unde merito sancta per orbem Ecclesia, quae tot beatorum martyrum victorias, quibus ingressum regni coelestis meruere, frequentat, hujus tantummodo post Dominum etiam nativitatis diem celebrare consuevit. Quod nullatenus sine evangelica auctoritate in consuetudinem venisse credendum est: sed attentius animo recondendum quia sicut, nato Domino, pastoribus apparens angelus ait: Ecce evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum, quod erit omni populo, quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator, qui est Christus Dominus: ita etiam angelus nasciturum Zachariae praedicans Joannem: Et erit, inquit, gaudium tibi et exultatio, et multi in nativitate ejus guadebunt. Erit enim magnus coram Domino.

Lectio IX.

Jure igitur utriusque nativitas festa devotione celebratur, sed in illius tanquam in Christi Domini, tanquam in Salvatoris mundi, tanquam in Filii Dei omnipotentis, tanquam in solis justitiae nativitate, omni populo gaudium evangelizatur. In hujus autem tanquam in praecursoris Domini, in servi Dei

eximii, in lucernae ardentis et lucentis exortu multi gavisuri memorantur. Hic in spiritu et virtute Eliae praecessit ante illum, ut plebem ejus aqua baptizans ad suscipiendum eum, ubi appareret, doceret esse perfectam.

Si aliqua dies infra Octavam Nativitatis S. Joannis occurrat cum die infra Octavam Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, fit Officium de prima cum commemoratione alterius.

In die Octava Nativitatis S. Joannis Baptistae fit Officium de Dominica, nisi occurrat Festum Domini, aut Duplex I. vel II. Classis cum commemoratione diei Octavae.

Si dies Octava Nativitatis S. Joannis occurrat cum Festo Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, de ea nihil fit.

Omnia, quae habentur in Breviario diebus 23 et 24 Junii, supprimantur omnino.

DIE 25 JUNII.

Supprimatur Rubrica, quae incipit: In Laud. fit commemoratio.

In ultima Rubrica, quae incipit: Vesp. a Capit., *supprimantur verba:* et Oct. S. Joannis.

DIE 26 JUNII.

In I. Vesperis supprimatur Rubrica Deinde Oct. S. Joannis, *etc.*

Ad Laudes supprimantur verba: et per horas.

In fine laudum supprimatur Rubrica Deinde fit comm., *etc.*

In II. Vesperis supprimatur Rubrica Deinde fit commem., *etc.*

Omnia quae habentur in Breviario die 27 Junii, supprimantur omnino.

DIE 28 JUNII.

Supprimatur Rubrica Si hoc festum, *etc. et ejus loco ponatur sequens:* Si hoc Festum venerit in Dominica, fit de Nativitate S. Joannis Baptistae cum commemoratione Dominicae, et nihil fit de S. Leone. In Sabbato praecedenti fit de Vigilia Nativitatis S. Joannis, et nihil fit de Vigilia anticipata Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, nisi in Missa.

Post Orationem supprimatur Rubrica Et fit comm., *etc.*

In Laudibus supprimatur Rubrica in Laud. fit comm., *etc.*

DIE 29 JUNII.

In I. Vesp. in Rubrica Et non fit, *etc. supprimantur ultima verba:* nec Octavae S. Joannis.

In II. Vesp. in Rubrica Et non fit, *etc. supprimantur ultima verba:* nec Octavae S. Joannis.

In penultima Rubrica Deinde fit, *etc., supprimantur verba:* Et non fit comm. Oct. S. Joannis, neque in Laud.

Ultima Rubrica sic corrigatur: Si Commemoratio S. Pauli alicubi alia die celebretur, totum Officium fit ut in propria Ecclesia.

DIE 30 JUNII.

Ad Laudes supprimatur Rubrica Deinde Octavae S. Joannis.

In II. Vesperis in Rubrica Vesperae integrae *etc., supprimantur ultima verba:* et Oct. S. Joannis ut in I. Vesp. Festi.

In principio Julii supprimatur Rubrica Prima die *etc.*

In Festo Pretiosissimi Sanguinis supprimatur Rubrica, quae incipit: Si hodie occurrat.

Post festum Pretiosissimi Sanguinis ponatur:

INFRA OCTAVAM SS. PETRI ET PAULI.

Hic inserantur omnia quae habentur in Breviario post festum Visitationis B. M. V.

DIE 1 JULII.

Supprimantur omnino quae nunc habentur in Breviario, et eorum loco ponatur:

TERTIA DIE INFRA OCTAVAM SS. PETRI ET PAULI.

In I. Nocturno: Lectiones de Scriptura occurrente.

In II. Nocturno: *Sermo S. Maximi Episcopi. Non sine causa ... (ut in antiquis Breviariis die 5 Julii).*

In III. Nocturno: Homilia in Evang. *Ecce nos reliquimus,* de Comm. Apost. 1 loco.

DIE 6 JULII.

In Octava Ss. Petri et Pauli. *Duplex Majus.*

DIE 5 AUGUSTI.

Ultima Rubrica sic corrigatur: Vesp. de sequenti cum commem. praecedentis.

DIE 6 AUGUSTI.

IN TRANSFIGURATIONE D. N. I. C. *Duplex II. classis.*

In I. Vesp. supprimatur Rubrica Deinde Ss Xysti II. Papae, Felicissimi et Agapiti Mm. etc.

DIE 22 AUGUSTI.

In Octava Assumptionis B. M. V. *Duplex Majus.*

Dominica infra Oct. Nativitatis B. M. V. supprimantur omnia quae habentur in Breviario.

DIE 11 SEPTEMBRIS.

In fine hujus diei addatur: Vesp. de sequenti Festo, sine comm. Oct. Nativitatis B. M. V.

DIE 12 SEPTEMBRIS.

Supprimantur omnia quae habentur in Breviario, et ponantur sequentia:

SS. NOMINIS B. M. V. *Duplex majus.*

Omnia ut in Festis B. M. V. per annum, praeter sequentia:

Hic inserantur omnia quae in Breviario habentur Dominica infra Octava Nativ., suppressa tamen in I. Vesp. Rubrica Et fit Comm. Dom. occurrentis.

In fine VI. Lectionis supprimantur verba: Dominica infra Octavam Nativitatis Beatae Virginis Mariae.

Post VIII. Lectionem addatur:

Lectio IX.

Beata quae (*ut in Decreto S. R. C. 10 Novembris 1909*).

Supprimantur duae ultimae Rubricae et eorum loco ponatur sequens: In II. Vesp. non fit comm. seq. diei infra Oct.

DIE 1 NOVEMBRIS.

Supprimantur duae ultimae Rubricae Dicto etc., *et Si* prima dies *etc.*

DIE 2 NOVEMBRIS.

Supprimantur omnia quae habentur in Breviario, et eorum loco ponantur quae hac die habentur in Appendice novi Psalterii.

DIE 8 NOVEMBRIS.

In Octava omnium. Sanctorum *Duplex majus.*

Ultima Rubrica sic corrigatur: Vesp. de seq. cum Comm. praec.

DIE 9 NOVEMBRIS.

IN DEDICATIONE ARCHIBASILICAE SSMI SALVATORIS. *Duplex II. classis. In Vesp. supprimatur Rubrica* Deinde S. Theodori Mart.

In Communi Sanctorum et sequentibus partibus Breviarii.

In Communi unius Martyris *in III. Nocturno, in Lectione VIII. circa medium, loco verbi* Delectat, *substituatur:* Delectet.

In Communi unius Martyris, *posita quarto loco Homilia in Evang.* Nihil est opertum, *ponatur tertio loco Homilia in Evang.* Nolite arbitrari, *quae incipit:* Quae ista divisio est? *ut in Octavario Romano.*

In Octava Dedicationis Ecclesiae. *Duplex majus.*

In Officio B. Mariae V. in Sabbato, in Vesperis, expungatur Rubrica: Post Orationem fiunt *etc. et ponatur sequens:*
Post Orationem fit Suffragium, ut sequitur:

De omnibus Sanctis.

Ant. *Sancti omnes intercedant pro nobis ad Dominum.*
V. Mirificavit Dominus Sanctos suos.
R. Et exaudivit eos clamantes ad se.

Oremus. Oratio.

A cunctis nos, quaesumus, Domine, mentis et corporis defende periculis: et intercedente beato Joseph, cum beatis Apostolis tuis etc.

Tempore autem Paschali, loco praecedentis Suffragii, fit commemoratio de Cruce, ut in Ordinario.

Si autem occurrat Festum simplex, de eo fit comm. ante ipsum Suffragium.

Ad Laudes, suppressis verbis Ad Laudes et per Horas: Omnia ut in Festis B. M. V., praeter sequentia, *eorum loco ponatur:* Ad Laudes Antiphonae cum Psalmis de Sabbato, ut

in Psalterio: Capitulum et Hymnus, ut in Festis B. M. V. per annum.

In fine Laudum, suppressa Rubrica Deinde fiunt, *ponatur:* Deinde fit Suffragium, ut supra ad Vesperas.

Post Rubricam pro Tempore Paschali, *supprimatur verba* Non fiunt commemorationes *etc.*

Deinde supprimitur Titulus Ad Vesperas, *cum duabus subsequentibus Rubricis.*

In Officio parvo B. M. V. *omittatur prima Rubrica. Ad Laudes post primam Antiphonam dicatur:* Ps. *Dominus regnavit,* cum reliquis de Dominica.

In Officio defunctorum *omittatur prima Rubrica. Ad Laudes tertius Psalmus* Deus Deus meus, *psalmo* Deus misereatur *omisso. Quintus Psalmus* Laudate Dominum in Sanctis ejus etc., *aliis duobus omissis.*

In Psalmis Gradualibus *supprimatur prima Rubrica.*

In Septem Psalmis Poenitentialibus *supprimantur duae primae Rubricae.*

Officia Votiva per annum *supprimantur omnino.*

In Missali.

In Principio Missalis.

Post Bullas Pii V, Clementis VIII et Urbani VIII inseratur Bulla Divino afflatu *SSmi D. N. Pii Papae X.*

Kalendarium Missalis.

Idem sit ac Kalendarium Breviarii, additis in singulis Festis ritus duplicis II. classis, quoties occurrit comm. simplicis, verbis: in missis privatis tantum.

Post Rubricas Generales inserantur Tit. X., XII. et XIII. Novarum Rubricarum.

In proprio de Tempore Missalis.

In Festo Ss. Innocentium.

Post Missam ponatur sequens Rubrica:

Si Festum Nativitatis Domini, S. Stephani, S. Joannis Evang. et Ss. Innocentium venerit in Dominica, ipsa die nihil fit de Dominica, sed die proxima post Festum S. Thomae Mart. dicitur Missa de Dominica ut infra.

Si Festum S. Thomae venerit in Dominica, Missa dicitur de Dominica cum commemoratione S. Thomae et quatuor Octavarum. Similiter si Festum S. Silvestri in Dominica occurrerit, Missa dicitur de Dominica cum commemoratione S. Silvestri et quatuor Octavarum. Die vero 30 Decembris, si occurrerit in Feria II. vel in Sabbato, dicitur Missa de die infra Octavam Nativitatis, ut infra, cum commemoratione aliarum Octavarum.

DOMINICA INFRA OCTAVAM NATIVITATIS.

Ut in Missali, additis commemorationibus de Nativitate, S. Stephano S. Joanne et Ss. Innocentibus.

DIE 29 DECEMBRIS.

SANCTI THOMAE EPISC. MART.

Ut in Missali, demptis commemorationibus, et addita Rubrica: Et fit comm. de Nativitate, de S. Stephano, de S. Joanne et de Ss. Innocentibus, ut in Missa praecedenti.

In fine Missae deleantur Rubricae, quae nunc habentur in Missali.

DIE 30 DECEMBRIS.

Ut in Missali, dempta Rubrica Si Festum S. Silvestri, *etc.*

IN COMMEMORATIONE SOLEMNI SANCTISSIMI CORPORIS D. N. J. C.

In fine Missae prima Rubrica sic corrigatur: Infra Octavam dicitur haec eadem Missa, et non fit de aliquo Festo, nisi fuerit duplex I. classis occurrens, et tunc cum commemoratione Octavae. In die Octava non fit nisi de Festo Ss. Apostol. Petri et Pauli, si occurrat, cum comm. Octavae.

In proprio Sanctorum Missalis.

DIE 19 MARTII.

IN COMMEMORATIONE SOLEMNI S. JOSEPH, Sponsi B. M. V., Confessoris.

In fine mensis Aprilis:

DOMINICA III. POST PASCHA.

IN SOLEMNITATE S. JOSEPH SPONSI B. M. V. et Ecclesiae Universalis Patroni Confessoris.

Ante Evangelium addantur sequentia:

In Missis Votivis post Pentecosten: Ps. 20. *Domine praevenisti* etc. (*ut habetur in fine Missae*).

In Missis Votivis post Septuagesimam Graduale dicitur ut supra post Pentecosten, omissis Alleluia et *V.* seq. et dicitur Tractus. Ps. III. *Beatus vir, qui timet Dominum: in mandatis ejus cupit nimis.*

V. Potens in terra erit semen ejus: generatio rectorum benedicetur.

V. Gloriae et divitiae in domo ejus: et justitia ejus manet in saeculum saeculi.

Supprimatur ultima Rubrica Si Festum *etc. usque ad finem, et ponatur sequens:*

Infra Octavam dicitur Missa ut in Festo: post Orationem diei dicitur secunda Oratio *Concede nos*, tertia *Ecclesiae* vel *Deus omnium fidelium.*

In die Octava dicitur Missa de Dominica IV. post Pascha, nisi occurrat Festum Domini, aut Duplex I. aut II. classis, cum commemoratione Octavae, ut in Festo.

Post diem 21 Junii sequentia inserantur:

SABBATO ANTE DOM. IV. JUNII.

Hic inseratur Missa, quae habetur die 23 Junii, et in fine addatur haec Rubrica:

Si haec Vigilia occurrat eadem die cum Vigilia anticipata Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, dicitur Missa ut supra cum secunda oratione ex Missa Vigiliae Ss. Apostolorum et tertia de S. Maria; et in fine Missae dicitur Evang. S. Joannis: *In principio.*

DOMINICA IV. JUNII.

IN NATIVITATE S. JOANNIS BAPTISTAE.

Hic ponatur Missa, quae habetur die 24 Junii.

Post Orationem, et post Secretam addatur: Et fit commemoratio Dominicae occurrentis.

Post Evangelium addatur: Dicitur Credo ratione Dominicae.

Post Postcommunionem addatur: Et fit commemoratio Dominicae occurrentis et legitur ejus Evangelium in fine Missae.

Suppressa ultima Rubrica, addatur: Infra Octavam dicitur Missa ut in Festo cum secunda Oratione *Concede*, tertia *Ecclesiae* vel pro Papa; et non dicitur Credo, nisi in Ecclesia propria, vel nisi venerit infra Oct. Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli.

Si dies Octava venerit in Festo Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, nihil fit de Octava. Si autem occurrerit die 30 Junii, Missa dicitur de Dominica, cum commemoratione diei Octavae; deinde fit commemoratio tum S. Pauli Ap. tum S. Petri Ap. Si vero occurrerit Dominica I. Julii, Missa dicitur de Pretiosissimo Sanguine D. N. J. C. vel de Visitatione B. M. V., juxta Rubricas, cum com. Dom. et Octavae S. Joannis.

Omnia quae habentur in Missali diebus 23 et 24 Junii supprimantur omnino.

Die 25 Junii.

Supprimatur Rubrica et fit com. Oct. *etc.*

Die 26 Junii.

Supprimantur Rubricae respicientes com. Oct. S. Joannis.

Ante Diem 28 Junii sic corrigenda Rubrica:

Si sequens Festum S. Leonis venerit in Dominica, Missa dicitur de Festo Nativitatis S. Joannis Baptistae cum comm. Dominicae, et nihil fit de S. Leone. In Sabbato praecedenti fit de Vigilia Nativitatis S. Joannis cum comm. Vigiliae Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, et tertia oratione de S. Maria, et in fine legitur Evang. S. Joannis *In principio.*

Die 28 Junii.

Supprimantur Rubricae respicientes com. Octavae S. Joannis.

In fine Missae Vigiliae Apostolorum addatur haec Rubrica:

Si haec Vigilia in Sabbato anticipanda sit, ideoque occurrat eodem die cum Vigilia Nativitatis S. Joannis Baptistae; de hac secunda dicitur Missa, cum comm. Vigiliae Ss. Apostol. et tertia Oratione de S. Maria et Evang. S. Joannis in fine.

DIE 30 JUNII.

Supprimantur Rubrica respicientes Oct. S. Joannis Baptistae.

Supprimantur omnia quae nunc habentur in Missali die 1 Julii, et ponantur sequentia:

DIE I. III. et IV. JULII.

Infra Octavam Ss. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli.

Hic ponatur Missa, quae habetur die 3 Julii.

Die 3 Julii supprimatur Missa quae nunc habetur in Missali.

DIE 6 AUGUSTI.

Post Orationem sic corrigatur Rubrica: In Missis privatis tantum fit com. Ss. Mm. Xysti, Felicissimi et Agapiti.

Dominica infra Octav. Nativitatis B. M. V. supprimantur omnia quae habentur in Missali.

DIE 12 SEPTEMBRIS.

In Festo Sanctissimi Nominis B. M. V.

Hic ponatur Missa quae habetur Dom. infra Oct. Nativitatis, demptis Rubricis respicientibus commemorationem Dominicae.

DIE 2 NOVEMRBIS.

Retenta prima Rubrica, loco secundae et tertiae ponatur sequens: Si autem hac die 2 Novembris occurrat Duplex I. classis aut Dominica, Commemoratio omnium Fidelium Defunctorum in diem immediate sequentem, similiter non impeditam, transfertur, seu reponitur.

DIE 9 NOVEMBRIS.

Rubrica respiciens com. S. Theodori sic corrigatur: Pro com. S. Theodori, Mart. in Missis privatis tantum.

Missae Votivae per annum *supprimantur omnino.*

Quae omnia SSmo Domino Nostro Pio Papae X per infrascriptum Secretarium relata, Sanctitas Sua dignata est rata habere et adprobare, simul iniungens, ut in Missalibus et

Breviariis iam editis, quae venalia apud typographos prostant, adiiciatur fasciculus Rubricas adaptatas ut supra continens.

Die 23 Ianuarii 1912.

Fr. S. Card. Martinelli, *Praef.*

L. * S.

✠ Petrus La Fontaine, Ep. Charystien., *Secret.*

II.

Circa Doxologiam v. Primae, et Praefationem Propriam in occurrentia Festorum B. M. V. ad instar simplicis redactoruum.

Quum ex Constitutione Apostolica " Divino afflatu " SSmi Dni Nostri Pii Papae X, diei 1 Novembris 1911, Festum B. M. V. ritus duplicis maioris, aut dies Octava eiusdem Deiparae, si in Dominicam occurrant, amodo simplificari debeant; Sacrae Rituum Congregationi insequentia dubia proposita fuerunt, nimirum:

I. An in praedictu casu conclusiones Hymnorum et versus Responsorii brevis ad Primam esse debeant de ipsa Beata Maria Virgine?

II. Quae Praefatio in casu dicenda sit in Missa?

Et Sacra eadem Congregatio, ad relationem subscripti Secretarii, re mature perpensa, respondendum censuit:

Ad I. Affirmative, nisi dicenda sit propria Temporis, et exceptis Dominicis Adventus.

Ad II. Praefatio Trinitatis, nisi occurrat Praefatio de Tempore aut alicuius Octavae Domini, iuxta Novas Rubricas, tit. X, n. 4.

Atque ita rescripsit die 30 Decembris 1911.

Fr. S. Card. Martinelli, *Praef.*

L. * S.

✠ Petrus La Fontaine, Ep. Charystien., *Secret.*

III.

Decretum de Festis Ritus Duplicis Maioris Octava condecoratis.

Quaedam Festa, quamvis perpauca, ritus Duplicis Maioris, pro aliqua particulari Ecclesia, transactis temporibus, Octava decorata fuerunt. Quum autem harum Octavarum celebratio

novissimis Sanctae Sedis dispositionibus minime congruat, Sacra Rituum Congregatio, ad relationem subscripti Secretarii, audita sententia Commissionis Liturgicae, reque accurato examine perpensa, statuit et decrevit: Festa ritus duplicis maioris Octava gaudere nequeunt; et si quae huiusmodi Octavae iam concessae inveniantur, amodo declarantur suppressae. Atque ita servari praecepit die 30 Decembris 1911.

Fr. S. Card. Martinelli, *Praef.*

L. * S.

✠ Petrus La Fontaine, Ep. Charystien., *Secret.*

IV.

Decretum de Novi Psalterii edendi Facultate ab Episcopis non concedenda.

Cum nuper nonnulli Rmi locorum Ordinarii Sacram Rituum Congregationem interrogaverint utrum sibi liceat facultatem concedere Typographis respectivae Dioecesis imprimendi "Psalterium Breviarii Romani cum Ordinario Divini Officii jussu SS. D. N. Pii PP. X novo ordine per hebdomadam dispositum et editum" necne; Sacra ipsa Congregatio respondit: "Detur Decretum diei 15 Novembris 1911 in Editione typica Vaticana relatum".

Tenor autem Decreti hic est:

"Praesentem Psalterii cum Ordinario Divini Officii editionem Vaticanam diligenter revisam et recognitam, ac juxta recentes Rubricarum immutationes, ad normam Constitutionis Apostolicae "*Divino afflatu*" SSmi D. N. Pii Pp. X, accuratissime dispositam, Sacra Rituum Congregatio typicam declaravit; statuitque, ut novæ ejusdem Psalterii editiones huic in omnibus sint conformes, et non imprimantur, nisi a Typographis hujus Sacrae Congregationis, servatisque præscriptionibus ab hac Secretaria tradendis".

Quod, non obstante Decreto diei 17 Maii 1911, ita servari mandavit.

Die 15 Ianuarii 1912.

L. * S.

✠ Petrus La Fontaine, *Episc. Charystien.,*
S. R. C. Secretarius.

V.

MONITUM.

Sacrae Rituum Congregationi visum est Rmos locorum Ordinarios certiores facere, eosque orare ut suis subditis notum faciant, nullius roboris esse *rescripta, responsa ad dubia, concessiones, declarationes cuiusque generis, privilegia, commentaria* nomine ipsius S. Congregationis evulgata, nisi, prout de iure, subsignata fuerint exclusive ab Emo Cardinali ipsi S. Congregationi Praefecto una cum S. ipsius Congregationis Secretario vel eius Substituto, aut, in casu necessitatis, saltem ab Emo Praefecto, vel a Secretario aut eius Substituto: Item nil esse commune inter S. Rituum Congregationem et cuiuscumque generis ephemerides rem liturgicam pertractantes, cum Sacra ipsa Congregatio, quoties promulgatione opus sit, ea quae statuerit, in Commentario officiali *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* ad tramitem Constitut. Ap. "*Promulgandi pontificias*" inserenda curet.

Ex S. R. C. Secretaria, die 28 Ianuarii 1912.

✠ PETRUS LA FONTAINE, Epis. Charystien., *Secretarius.*

CURIA ROMANA.

PONTIFICAL APPOINTMENTS.

24 April, 1912: The Honorable Richard Preston, of the Archdiocese of Liverpool, appointed Secret Chamberlain Supernumerary of the Sword and Cape to His Holiness.

29 April, 1912: Mr. Edward L. Hearn, of New York, made Commander of the Order of San Silvestro.

Studies and Conferences.

OUR ANALECTA.

The Roman documents for the month are:

S. CONSISTORIAL CONGREGATION: 1. Gives the boundaries of the new Diocese of Kearney, Nebraska, formerly of the Diocese of Omaha. The new See is in the Dubuque Province.

2. The Vicariate Apostolic of Brownsville is made the Diocese of Corpus Christi, in the New Orleans Province.

3. The boundaries of the Diocese of Fort Wayne are defined.

S. CONGREGATION OF THE COUNCIL publishes a letter regarding feast days.

S. CONGREGATION OF RITES: 1. Continuation of the decree containing the changes to be made in the Missal and the Breviary.

2. Rescript concerning the conclusions of Hymns and the verse of the Responsory at Prime; also the simplification of Proper Preface of the Blessed Virgin.

3. Decree concerning feasts of Double Major Rite that have octaves.

4. Permission to publish the New Psaltery is not to be granted by Bishops.

5. Admonition not to accept as authentic documents purporting to come from the S. Congregation unless they are signed by the Cardinal Prefect and Secretary (or his substitute) of the Congregation.

DOES THE VIRTUE OF COMMUNION LAST?

The question here proposed may be explained as follows. Communion intensifies the soul's supernatural vitality: it increases that sanctifying grace which is the vital principle of the supernatural life. The Eucharist thus lessens our danger of losing that divine life by the commission of mortal sin. Amongst other ways, it does this by weakening the rebellion of our natural concupiscences and irregular tendencies. But now the question arises: Does this preserving and vivifying action of a Communion last indefinitely, so that it is unnecessary to repeat the soul's refreshment for a long time? Need-

less to say, we are not here discussing the continuance of *devout feelings* and *impressions* after the time of Communion.

That some repetition of the spiritual meal is necessary becomes plain from the ecclesiastical precept by which all Catholics are enjoined to receive Holy Communion at least once a year, as soon as they have reached the dawn of reason. This precept is radically *divine,* since it is the authoritative determination by the Church of Christ's command to " eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood." [1]

But here it is important to note that our Lord does not require our obedience to this command merely as a point of religious discipline. He further makes our compliance *a condition for retaining the spiritual life of grace here, and gaining eternal life hereafter.* For He says: " Except you eat . . . you shall not have life in you . . . He that eateth . . . hath eternal life," etc.[2]

It is not merely a case, then, of Communion being necessary because it is commanded, which is too often the view of the " hardy annual ". Communion is commanded because, in the actual dispensation of Christ, it is necessary for the soul's life.

But is one Communion a year any sort of guarantee that we shall keep in God's grace? It cannot be such if the preservative efficacy of the Eucharist be passing and exhaustible. What grounds then have we for supposing that this is actually the case?

This notion of the non-permanent virtue of a Communion has at its back no less a theological authority than Cardinal de Lugo, to whose opinions, even when unsupported by other doctors, Saint Alphonsus Liguori attached so much weight. In his treatise on the Eucharist we read: " Since this Sacrament is meant to be received repeatedly, after the manner of food, it is not to be thought that it produces the effects of help and strength so powerfully over a long period as for the time nearer to its reception." [3] Here the non-permanence of the sacramental virtue is clearly indicated.

[1] John 6:54.

[2] Ibid. 54-5. " He does not say that eternal life is reserved for him in the future (*habebit*), but that he has it already (*habet*), and holds the sure pledge of it." Papal Address to French First Communicants, Sistine Chapel, Low Sunday, 14 April, 1912.

[3] " Cum hoc Sacramentum saepius, instar cibi, accipiendum sit . . . non est credendum quod aeque efficaciter influat auxilia et vires in longum tempus, sicut in tempus proximum." De Euch. Disp. XIV, Sect. 3.

Then we have the teaching of the Holy See contained in the Decree on daily Communion. There we are told that our Lord "more than once and in no ambiguous terms pointed out the necessity of eating His flesh and drinking His blood frequently." [4] This necessity of partaking frequently cannot be one of precept, or Christ would have guided His Church to demand more than an annual Communion under pain of sin. The necessity therefore of a more frequent reception must arise from our own spiritual need of it. And yet, if the effect of Communion did not gradually decline as the weeks and months wear on, a Communion once a year would suffice for realizing our Lord's promise of "life" and for meeting all the soul's emergencies, as well as for satisfying our Lord's precept.

Again, does not experience prove conclusively that, in the case of very many souls, even a monthly Communion does not suffice to ward off the spiritual death of mortal sin? With exceptionally tempted souls even a weekly one may prove inadequate for this vital purpose.[5] Nor will it do to urge that the failure is attributable simply to the communicant's want of care to avoid the occasions of sin, and that, failing such precaution, no number of Communions will keep him safe. For the promise of "life" must necessarily include efficacious graces for observing all conditions that are essential for its preservation. Otherwise the promise would seem to be to a great extent illusory. Neither, putting aside exposure to the occasions of sin, does it seem correct to attribute the slowing down of the Eucharistic action to our daily faults. That these offer a hindrance to the operations of grace is not denied. Yet the known experience of Saints prevents our accepting this as an adequate explanation. Thus St. John Berchmans, for instance, in spite of the great perfection of his daily life, bears witness to the sense of moral faintness which he experienced as the week drew to a close—an interval of a week between one Communion and another being the usual thing in his day. And when a feast day coincided with a Sunday he would observe regretfully, "One Banquet the less!"

[4] "Crebro manducandi."

[5] The reference here is to those who are able to practice more frequent Communion. As for the unavoidably impeded, no doubt our Lord can and will make the rarer Communions, alone possible to them, amply sufficient for their spiritual needs, however extreme these may be.

If we discard the theory as to the non-permanence of the sacramental virtue, it will be difficult to defend the strong and indiscriminate invitation of the Holy See to the practice of daily Communion. "We should be forced," as Père Lintelo remarks, "to fall back upon the Jansenistical theory that one Communion made in perfect dispositions profits the soul more than a number of Communions made in less perfect ones. . . ." Whereas the true view, clearly underlying the Decree of Pope Pius X, is that, given the two essential dispositions and no more, it is still more "salutary" in the long run to receive frequently and even daily.

We need not be greatly surprised at the limited duration of full Eucharistic efficacy, since traces of the same phenomenon may be observed in some of the other Sacraments. This point was worked out somewhat ingeniously, though perhaps not at all points quite convincingly, in a paper read at the Cologne Eucharistic Congress of 1909. Perhaps the least strained analogy which the writer drew from the other Sacraments was from the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. The Last Anointing seems to have its virtue limited, not only to the one illness, but even to the particular danger of death during which it is administered, so that, should the first danger cease and a fresh one supervene, the Sacrament is to be repeated. Again, those theologians who maintain that a person who falls sick during the day upon which he has received Communion is bound to receive it again as Viaticum, evidently regard the virtue of the morning's reception to be sufficient for the ordinary purposes of life but not for the special ones of death.

But perhaps we ought not to attach too much weight to these sacramental analogies. More stress should be laid upon the special nature of the Eucharist and its analogy to bodily nourishment. As De Lugo says, it is a Sacrament intended to be received repeatedly *after the manner of food.* The Council of Trent, whilst exhorting pastors to urge the frequent reception of Communion, bids them explain to the people that the Eucharistic food is necessary for their souls just as material nourishment is for their bodies. We should repeat our spiritual meals, just as we repeat our bodily ones, and not consider that an occasional repast will suffice to maintain our supernatural life in due vigor.

The type of the Manna upon which our Lord insists so pointedly in His discourse upon the Bread of Life once more suggests the important lesson that, normally speaking, Communion is designed to support the soul in full vitality for the day. Jewish men, women, and children were bidden to collect the same quantity of Manna. So we need the Eucharist for our constant support, whether we be adults or only infants in holiness.

A difficulty needing explanation yet remains, that is, if a satisfactory one can be found. It is this. The Eucharist increases sanctifying grace in the soul. How can it be supposed that this grace suffers any deterioration in the course of time? Surely nothing except mortal sin can destroy it or even diminish it? Moreover, the sanctifying grace imparted through Sacraments not only increases the soul's holiness, but gives it besides a right to the bestowal of actual graces in due season for the various emergencies of the spiritual life. The sanctifying grace cannot deteriorate. How then can the supply of actual helps, or sacramental graces, based upon the sanctifying grace, weaken either?

This is breaking difficult ground and no pretense is here made of supplying a complete solution to the mystery. Yet the answer may be hazarded that, whilst the sanctifying grace suffers no diminution, the actual graces to which it entitles its possessors follow the particular nature of the Sacrament in question. Accordingly, as in the case of bodily food, their nourishing virtue grows less and less as the time since the last reception lengthens.

To conclude. In discussing the above topic, no attempt, of course, was contemplated to define precisely for how long a Communion exerts its full efficacy. About that we can know nothing. But just for this very reason those are certainly wisest who, having the opportunity, receive the Bread of Life as often as the Church allows, that is, every day. Our confidence in our Lord's Providence over His Church justifies our feeling certain that this maximum allowance of the Heavenly Food at least will abundantly meet all our spiritual needs, however pressing or desperate. A smaller allowance too will no doubt satisfy the wants of people of good will whose necessary duties thwart their sincere wish for a more frequent

approach to the Holy Table. Their very desire for Christ will bring them the extra graces that accrue from the practice of Spiritual Communion, and will dispose them to derive additional profit from their next reception.

Chesterfield, England. F. M. DE ZULUETA, S.J.

QUID MIHI ET TIBI? AGAIN.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In the interests of sound criticism I beg leave to submit the following observations on the position of Fr. Drum, S.J., as represented in the last number of the REVIEW (pp. 737-740). The key to the difficulties advanced by him is a distinction that must be insisted on before proceeding. My study of the text, John 2 : 4,[1] is one thing; and the Kurdistan story, later on volunteered by Fr. Weigand[2] is another. These two topics, the study and the story, must be kept apart. The study will stand or fall on its own intrinsic merits; the story will depend largely on the authority or methods of those who endorse or reject it. The following division and arrangement of the Father's objections are made in virtue of this necessary distinction.

I. THE STUDY. Objections. a. During the course of the year, Fr. Drum has discovered that the study, which purported to furnish an "original solution" of John 2 : 4, is not unlike another which was discussed in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of 1888. Dr. Dixon's and Fr. Kenny's rendition of the moot passage is referred to. It reads: "What is there between you and me?" or, "What cause of complaint is there on your part as against me?"

b. Now the idiom, "Quid mihi et tibi?" of St. John, and this other, "What is there between thee and me?" are pronounced by Fr. Drum to be "entirely at variance one with the other". The former, he tells us, has "nothing in common" with the latter; and whoever says that our Lord in using the first, meant the second, is "altogether wrong".

c. A certain Fr. O'Brien knew of an interpretation like that which I prefer, viz., "The same mind to you and to me", but Fr. O'Brien characterized it as "silly", for it makes ab-

[1] ECCL. REV., Feb., 1911, pp. 169-202. [2] Ibid., April, p. 483.

The type of the Manna upon which our Lord insists so pointedly in His discourse upon the Bread of Life once more suggests the important lesson that, normally speaking, Communion is designed to support the soul in full vitality for the day. Jewish men, women, and children were bidden to collect the same quantity of Manna. So we need the Eucharist for our constant support, whether we be adults or only infants in holiness.

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c. A certain Fr. O'Brien knew of an interpretation like that which I prefer, viz., "The same mind to you and to me", but Fr. O'Brien characterized it as "silly", for it makes ab-

[1] ECCL. REV., Feb., 1911, pp. 169-202. [2] Ibid., April, p. 483.

solute nonsense in every other passage". This proves to Fr. Drum's satisfaction that there is a "clear difference" between the Biblical idiom and this peculiar construction.

Reply.—a. The interpretation of John 2:4, supported by me is contained in the following equation: quid mihi et tibi= quid mihi et quid tibi=quid meum et quid tuum. Less laconically, our Lord's words to His Mother at the marriage-feast meant: "Why so soon distinguish between mine and thine, since my hour, the hour when I shall act independently of thee, is not yet come? Woman, command me." Christ, although on the threshold of His public ministry, was still subject to Mary.—How different this view is from that of Fr. Kenny, "What cause of complaint have you against me?" needs not to be told.

b. Moreover, the rendering which Fr. Drum traces back to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* 1888, viz., "What is there between thee and me?" antedates the *Record* by many a year. As indicated in my last paper, old French translations of the Vulgate, notably that preferred by the Oratorian, de Carrières, Paris, 1745, give as the *ipsissima verba* of Christ: "Qu'y-a-t-il entre vous et moi?" Authorities who do this would hardly agree to the assertions made by my critic in the second objection.

c. In passing from this, my reputed opinion, back to the one I really hold, it is strange that Fr. Drum detects no difference between the two. It is still stranger, if my interpretation is so "nonsensical" in every other Biblical passage, that he did not recognize it before. Now that he failed in this respect seems evident from the fact that he pronounced my study of John 2:4, and all related pasages, on its first appearance, a model of "scholarly exegesis".

II. THE STORY. The Kurdistan story, which appeared in the REVIEW in April, 1911 (p. 483), has occasioned this obscure procedure. Fr. Drum's first comment on it was that it "should not be taken as scientifically correct".[3] The reasons he urged against it were: i, its improbable dramatis personae; ii, the language it involves, viz., Arabic; iii, its bad Arabic; iv, its irrelevance in explaining John 2:4. In my reply to these objections,[4] my purpose was, not so much to defend the

[3] ECCL. REV., May, 1911, pp. 598-9.

[4] June, 1911, pp. 743-746.

story, as to call attention to the religious, political and social background which belonged to it, *if true,* and to show, at the same time, that "the reasons alleged against it" in Fr. Drum's development, "did not seem to be well-founded". Subsequent difficulties recently voiced by the Orientalist suggest the following reflections:

i. Fr. Drum at first did not think there were any Dominicans in Kurdistan. Now, at the end of a year, he thinks that Dominican missionaries were at least absent from the country up until 1882, when they secured a permanent residence there. Being a Dominican, I can assure him of the contrary. As well might one argue, before knowing the fact, that the Fathers of the Society were unknown in certain American colonies before they obtained a fixed abode in them.

ii. My critic says: "Any one who speaks with people from Tunis, Egypt, Abyssinia, Syria, and Mesopotamia, will be astounded at the uniformity and purity of their vulgar Arabic". This is very true, but it is misleading. Of itself, the statement is pointless, except in so far as it implies: therefore, the vulgar Arabic of Kurdistan is equally pure. Now Kurdistan is in none of the places enumerated, and of this region, the Father correctly wrote a year ago: "Arabic is *not* the language of Kurdistan". Adding more definite information, I may quote from *La Grande Encyclopédie* (art., Kourdes), the following: "There exist among the Kurds, especially along the frontier, numerous dialects containing an abundance of Turkish, Arabic, Syriac, and other words".

iii. Yet at least the clergy of Kurdistan speak Arabic, for Fr. Drum says: "I have spoken with Chaldaic priests from Kurdistan and their language was Arabic, and no jumble of Arabic with Syriac and Kurd". Evidently, the clergy are on a higher level than the uncultured mountaineers. That was to be expected. Here we have another point of comparison with early American history. However, missionaries in foreign lands usually familiarize themselves with the language and dialects of the natives, and occasionally use them instead of their own.

iv. It was the utter irrelevance of the story in illustrating John 2 : 4, that disposed my critic to be surprised at my seeming "defence" of it. Plainly, I made no pretence at *defend-*

ing the story. I approved of it only *conditionally,* and in these words: "*If it can be verified,* it possesses, at least for the philologist, a value all its own, *even though it fall short in explaining the Cana narrative.*" The *if,* and the final clause here italicized were inserted designedly. The same is true of my appreciation of the idiom, "What is between me and thee?" In short, I considered the idiom only to dismiss it as being "open to a twofold exposition—the one favorable, the other unfavorable." Conditionally, I was willing to accept it *in its favorable sense,* as a "desirable parallel", but not as an exact equivalent, of the Biblical expression. My words were: "*If,* in any country, the expression were habitually used in the same circumstances as the Biblical idiom, and *if* its idiomatic force were such as to exclude the unfavorable sense from the minds of those who used it naturally, I fail to see why we should not then have a desirable parallel of St. John." I might have repudiated the idiom unreservedly, but I preferred not to be dogmatic. The French translators and others who had previously accepted the phrase as a reasonable equivalent or parallel of St. John, were entitled to that much deference.

Fr. Drum has therefore wrongly taken it for granted that I had adopted the phrase as my own, and that the adoption had been absolute. When he revised the Arabic reading of the idiom a year ago, he assigned to it a meaning quite like that I have preferred for John 2:4. He put it thus: "We are at one, there is nothing that stands between us". But now, in the false supposition that I have adopted it, he excludes this meaning apparently, and mistakenly identifies my position with Fr. Kenny's: "What cause of complaint have you against me?" After this, an unsound principle is given peremptory value in deciding the imaginary issue: The *idioms* of one language should be translated *literally* into those of another, for my critic argues: What is there between me and thee, can have no other form in Greek but this: τί μεταξὺ ἐμοῦ καὶ σοῦ. Does the principle not involve a contradiction in terms?

The other issues raised will vanish, once they are viewed in their proper perspective.

THOMAS A'K. REILLY, O.P.
Immaculate Conception College, Washington, D. C.

REJOINDER BY FATHER DRUM.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

Having been asked whether I had any comment to make on the above strictures by Father Reilly, I wish to say: In the first place, I do not give Fr. Reilly's "reputed opinion", as he intimates in the above observations upon my criticism in the June number, but I quote his very words and the page on which they appear. Moreover, it is incorrect to write of me, "he pronounced my study of John 2:4, and *all related passages,* on its first appearance, a *model* of scholarly exegesis". All this can not be fairly read in my words: "A propos of Fr. Reilly's scholarly exegesis of John 2:4" (p. 598, vol. 44). Though I disagree with that exegesis, I do not feel such *odium theologicum* as to call it unscholarly. I have drawn attention to one unscholarly element in Fr. Reilly's article,—his grouping of Joel 3:4 with the other "Quid mihi et tibi" texts (p. 739, vol. 46); this item he heeds not. Thirdly, I do not say that his "interpretation is so nonsensical in every other Biblical passage"; but cite such words as Fr. O'Brien's in regard to the Kurdistan story. Fourthly, Fr. Reilly garbles my words in writing: "Now at the end of a year, he thinks that the Dominican missionaries were at least absent from the country up until 1882". I think no such thing. I only wrote that "his summary of their residence therein since 1882 does not make clear a story which appeared in 1877" (p. 738, vol. 44). Fifthly, it is unfair to say that Fr. O'Brien's characterization of the story as silly is taken by me to prove to my satisfaction anything save that this controversy went on in 1877. Lastly, I give no "peremptory value" to the "unsound principle": "The *idioms* of one language should be translated *literally* into those of another". I show that the Arabic *bain* of the moot phrase has a meaning such as its Hebrew cognate form; is used precisely in the same setting as μεταξύ, its Greek equivalent, in the New Testament; must mean the same; should be translated by the same. Such "sound criticism" of the text John 2:4 cannot be set aside by a rhetorical cry of "contradiction in terms".

I may add here that I am glad to find that Fr. Reilly no longer defends the Arabic phrase as "presumedly Kurd"; nor his statement of a year ago that "the exegetical bearing

of the story, although not convincing, is *pertinent*" (p. 746, vol. 44). The exegesis of the phrase shows it is not at all *pertinent* to the interpretation of John 2 : 4—τί ἐμοὶ καὶ σοί.

WALTER DRUM, S.J.

Woodstock College, Maryland.

OUR CATHOLIC SOLDIERS IN CHINA.

Dear Sir.

I have the pleasure of enclosing my subscription for the current year and hope the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW will continue to be as interesting as in the past. Since the troubles in China the American Army has also sent a regiment here, the 15th Infantry. Amongst them are some 200 Catholics. Unfortunately we have no English prayer-books nor publications for them. The British troops have theirs provided, and I should think there must be some of your readers who could send me a few hundred small prayer-books and a few bundles of tracts published by the American Catholic Truth Society. I should see to their distribution amongst the men of the American contingent.

P. GROBEL.
British Military Chaplain.

THE DE PROFUNDIS BELL.

Qu. Could you give me some information regarding the De Profundis Bell? It seems it is customary in some places to ring or strike a bell in the evening to remind the parishioners of the dead, and to elicit a De Profundis from their pious charity. When is this bell to be rung? Must it be rung or struck, or both? How many strokes?

J. M. H.

Resp. The custom of ringing the bell in the evening to invite the faithful to pray for the souls of the departed appears to antedate the institution of the Angelus bell, and to have originated at the time of the Crusades. Pope Urban II is credited with being the originator, when at the Council of Clermont (1095) he ordained that a prayer bell be rung mornings and evenings to invite the faithful to implore Almighty God for victory of the Christian armies over the Saracens, and to pray for the souls of the soldiers who were left

dead on the battlefield in the distant country.[1] Subsequently Clement XII issued a brief (11 August, 1736) proclaiming a plenary indulgence, to be gained annually by those who regularly observed the practice of reciting the De Profundis or one Pater and Ave for the souls of the departed (one hundred days for each time). This prayer was to be said kneeling, about an hour after the *Ave Maria* (Angelus), at the sound of the bell. Later on Pius VI (1781) extended the indulgence to all who performed the act at the time assigned, even where the bell is not sounded. The precise hour of the De Profundis Bell depends on the time of the Angelus, which it follows at an interval of about an hour. In Catholic countries the Ave Maria Bell is rung as a rule at sunset, and accordingly the hour varies; elsewhere it coincides with the curfew bell. In the United States, where the hour of the Angelus is six o'clock, the De Profundis Bell is rung at seven o'clock.

As to the manner of ringing this bell, no definite rule is laid down. Beringer with other writers holds that the bell is to be sounded for the space of time which it takes to recite the De Profundis psalm.

OUR MIDSUMMER NUMBER.

The month of July falls in midsummer, when everybody claims some dispensation from the serious tasks of professional life. The clerical reader too expects to find temporary relaxation from the mental strain which the discussion of theological problems, however practical in the result, involves. Since the REVIEW is not built on wholly conventional lines of current theological periodicals, it takes the liberty to depart to some extent from the traditional method in order to be more useful to its readers. Accordingly we fill this issue of the hottest month in the ecclesiastical as well as the civil year, with clerical stories and travel experiences, or in other words with the sort of *Pastoralia* which, whilst they appeal to the priest, as is our exclusive purpose, do so through the more convenient way of the heart and without making any particular demand on the mental energies. We feel sure the temporary change is agreeable to most of our readers, and will not lessen the appreciation of the practical and serious questions to be discussed in these pages during the rest of the year.

[1] Dr. Heinrich Otte, *Glockenkunde*. Leipzig. 1884.

Criticisms and Notes.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912. Pp. 167.

A priest must often ask himself why good people, being so good as they are, fail to make that real progress in virtue and holiness of which their consistent rectitude of life and avoidance of at least anything like habitual sin would seem to give promise, and of which they certainly afford the starting-point. Why, with sanctifying grace habitually in their souls; why, considering all that this involves—the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, of the Blessed Trinity Itself,—why are they not much more like the Saints than they are? Why are they so timid, so apt to be discouraged, so prone to say, when it is suggested to them that they should enter upon the "devout life", "Oh, such things are not for me"? Mgr. Benson would say that this comes about because they do not cultivate the friendship of Christ; and of the friendship of Christ he discourses in this book in a manner at once sympathetic with such souls as we speak of, enlightening, encouraging, and revealing a true insight into the thoughts, the needs, and the difficulties of the many who, but for the obstacle the author sets out to remove, would do great things in the spiritual life, or rather would open the way for God's Holy Spirit to do great things in them.

When Mgr. Benson's book appeared, the reviewer happened to be reading the wonderful *Histoire d'une Ame*, the spiritual autobiography of that wonderfully simple soul, Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus, who died in 1897 in the odor of sanctity at the Carmelite Convent of Lisieux. She walked by the spiritual way of most simple child-like confidence in the love and goodness of Jesus Christ toward all, and one was impressed with the similarity in spirit, though not in the mode of treatment, between her appeal and Mgr. Benson's, to timid souls to cast off their timidity and make friends with Christ, who so constantly in the Gospels invites their friendship and offers His. For this, amongst other reasons, He became Man. Yet Catholics, says Mgr. Benson, "are prone . . . to forget that His delights are to be with the sons of men more than to rule the Seraphim, that, while His Majesty held Him on the Throne of His Father, His Love brought Him down on pilgrimage that He might transform His servants into His Friends. For example, devout souls often complain of their loneliness on earth. They pray, they frequent the Sacra-

ments, they do their utmost to fulfil the Christian precepts; and, when all is done, they find themselves solitary. There could scarcely be a more evident proof of their failure to understand one, at least, of the great motives of the Incarnation. They adore Christ as God, they feed on Him in Communion, cleanse themselves in His precious Blood, look to the time when they shall see Him as their Judge; yet of that intimate knowledge of and companionship with Him in which the Divine Friendship consists, they have experienced little or nothing. They long, they say, for one who can stand by their side and upon their own level, who cannot merely remove suffering, but can himself suffer with them, one to whom they can express in silence the thoughts which no speech can utter; and *they seem not to understand that this is the very post which Jesus Christ Himself desires to win,*[1] that the supreme longing of His Sacred Heart is that He should be admitted, not merely to the throne of the heart or to the tribunal of conscience, but to that inner secret chamber of the soul where a man is most himself, and therefore most utterly alone" (pp. 6, 7).

Beautifully and persuasively Mgr. Benson draws from the Gospel record the evidence of this desire of the Heart of Jesus. We would direct attention especially to his brief, but very striking use of the passage also from the Apocalypse—the words of Jesus risen and ascended: "Behold, I stand at the gate and knock. If any man shall hear My Voice, and open to me the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with Me" (Apoc. 3: 20).

But Christ is God, as well as man. "A single *individualistic* friendship with Him therefore does not exhaust His capacities. . . . He approaches us, therefore, along countless avenues, although it is the same Figure that advances down each. It is not enough to know Him interiorly only: He must be known (if His relation with us is to be that which He desires) in all those activities and manifestations in which He displays Himself."

Hence Mgr. Benson divides his book into two parts: (1) Christ in the Interior Soul; (2) Christ in the Exterior. In the first part he gives us a short treatise on the Purgative and Illuminative Ways, up to the point at which Ordinary (not Extraordinary) Contemplation is reached—a goal, he points out, perfectly attainable by anyone with ordinary graces, something to be aimed at and prayed for. In a modern way—modern in the sense of being practical and suited to the difficulties and problems with which pious persons are faced now; in the sense also of being couched in language which people to-day can understand—the old and orthodox doctrine concerning

[1] Italics are the reviewer's.

these stages of the spiritual life are presented; doctrines which often may fail to be understood when read in the archaic phraseology of past days. This is what in a certain kind of religious parlance, come to savor somewhat of cant, would be called very "helpful". Despite the associations of the hackneyed phrase, it is entirely true in this case, and many souls will thank Mgr. Benson for what he has done for them in this section of his little work.

The second part of the book, treating of Christ in the Exterior, has not only a spiritual value for Catholics, but an apologetic value also. It shows how interior religious experience must be judged as to its validity by those external criteria which Christianity, *as Christ made it,* afford. The Evil One clothes himself as an angel of light, so as to deceive even the elect, and "notoriously, nothing is so difficult to discern as the difference between the inspirations of the Holy Ghost and the aspirations or imaginations of self" (p. 41). This confusion happens in Protestantism; it happened to the Modernists. So we must look to Christ in His exterior manifestations of Himself. Nor can our friendship with Him be a true one if we do not. Particularly we must know and love Christ in the Church, "Christ-in-Catholicism", as Mgr. Benson expresses it. Catholics, even, need to be reminded of this. It is a disposition eminently prominent in the lives of God's saints, and the greatest interior lovers and friends of Jesus have also been the greatest lovers and most loyal children of the Church. Readers of this REVIEW will recall the author's work, *Christ in the Church,* recently noticed here,[2] in which this aspect of the question is treated at length.

One by one, then, Mgr. Benson takes the external manifestations of Christ, the various avenues down which the Divine-Human Friend makes advance to us. Christ in the Eucharist, in the Church, in the Priest, in the Saint, in the Sinner, in the Average Man, in the Sufferer, and, lastly, in His historical life—crucified, and vindicated —is presented to us in these illuminating pages. "Christ is the Saviour" is a chapter that will bring new light to many souls, revealing a view of sin, often missed, which must surely seize the attention of the sinner himself with appealing force.

We cannot conceive of anyone, be he Catholic or Protestant, good or bad, who will not be benefited by the careful study of this work, which merits more than a cursory reading, and should find a place amongst the few chosen works to which each, according to his needs, goes for spiritual nourishment.

[2] See the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW for June, 1911.

THE REASON WHY. A Common-Sense Contribution to Christian and Catholic Apologetics. By Bernard J. Otten, S.J., Professor of Theology, St. Louis University. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. 347.

Father Otten's book is not a disappointment to the common-sense reader, as many advertised contributions to Christian and Catholic apologetics are, inasmuch as they are aggressive when they pretend to be defensive, and they exaggerate and characterize as malicious opposition to the truth what should be merely stated as fact and explained as due to ignorance or misunderstanding. If our Divine Master could say from the Cross that those who maligned and crucified Him "knew not" what they did; if His attitude toward Judas down to the very last was one of a friend who pities rather than blames even the wilful perversity of a disciple, it hardly becomes the Catholic apologist to point in scorn and malevolence to those who are in error or who conscientiously differ from us and are therefore at least materially in the right.

Father Otten would rather persuade by reasoning and presentation of fact. He starts from the evidence of creation, and makes it clear that religious service and worship of some kind is a duty which is the outcome of man's evident dependence. The quality of this service is determined by man's distinctly superior nature, which imposes the obligation of religion as well as the instinct of morality upon him. Thence we are led to examine the claims of supernatural religion: the reasonableness of faith, the possibility and need of revelation, the credentials of that revelation, the verification of the truths of revelation in their application to man's moral and spiritual aspirations. The third part of the volume is devoted to a study of the person of Christ, by which His divinity and as a consequence the divine authority of the Church established by Him to perpetuate His teaching and to lead to the fulfilment of His promises, are clearly demonstrated, logically as well as historically. The conclusion is an appeal to reason and honesty of purpose to acknowledge and embrace the one true religion. The volume is well printed, a fact which is not an altogether superfluous recommendation.

CANTEMUS DOMINO. Catholic Hymnal with English and Latin Words for Two and Three Equal Voices. Edited by Ludwig Bonvin, S. J., Op. 104. (ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT—same editor and publisher—L. Bonvin, Op. 104 a). St. Louis: B. Herder. 1912.

The present hymnal adapts the author's previous *Hosanna* hymnal "to the needs of those convents, academies and other in-

stitutions where the custom exists of singing such hymns in 2- or 3-part chorus." The author has accordingly selected from the *Hosanna* the hymns which seemed "to lend themselves most readily to the desired arrangement and at the same time suffice for the various needs of the ecclesiastical year," and he has also included "some polyphonic and more pretentious, though not difficult, chants." Among these latter he calls special attention to Nos. 78 and 84, which were originally written for two mixed voices, and which "may be counted among the most expressive and poetic compositions not only of Koenen, but also in the entire field of more recent church music." The volume contains 91 numbers, of which 68 are in English text, and the remainder in Latin.

It is needless to comment on the scholarly musical abilities of Fr. Bonvin or on his well-guided taste in selection from the work of others, to whom he gives credit in the Preface to the Organ Accompaniment. Hearty commendation may, however, be bestowed on his carefulness in acknowledging the various obligations he incurs to the work of others. He has given indications of all this by the initials placed at the end of the various accompaniments; but in order to understand the meaning of the abbreviations we refer to, it is necessary to have read the Preface. We venture to suggest that in a future edition it might be desirable to give all such information in an additional Index, which should also include indications of the sources of the texts of the hymns. This hymnological apparatus is a very acceptable feature of the compilations of our separated brethren in the hymnal field, and while it demands much editorial labor, nevertheless justifies the labor by the large amount of interesting and helpful information it furnishes both to the organist and to the singers. There are, for instance, in the present hymnal a number of translations into English from Latin originals: No. 2 ("O Come, O Come, Emmanuel") is a translation of the beautiful Latin hymn, *Veni, Veni, Emmanuel,* which itself is based on the Great Antiphons (the "O's") of Advent. The translation is a slight variation of that of the accomplished and highly successful Anglican translator of our Latin hymns, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Neale. No. 3 ("O Come, Redeemer of the Earth") is a translation of the famous hymn of St. Ambrose, *Veni Redemptor Gentium* (which is not found in our Roman Breviary), and is but slightly different from the translation as found in the most recent edition of the Anglican hymnal, *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* No. 4 ("On Jordan's Banks the Baptist's Voice") is based on Chandler's version (found with various changes in many non-Catholic hymn-books) of G. Goffin's hymn, *Jordanis oras praevia,* found in the Paris Breviary. These

Latin originals are not so well known as the *Jesu dulcis memoria,* ascribed by some hymnologists to St. Bernard (which appears in translation as No. 12: "Jesus, the Very Thought is Sweet"); or as the *Ave Maris Stella* (appearing as No. 54: "Star of Ocean Fairest")—and yet neither organist nor singer may know aught of all this interesting hymnal history. It would be desirable to furnish such information in an Index—and even to connect, in some wise, the hymns Nos. 30 and 31 ("Humbly I Adore Thee", and "O Food of Men Wayfaring") with the originals given later on in the volume, Nos. 77 and 80 ("Adoro Te Devote" and "O Esca Viatorum"). The beautiful English version, hymn No. 1 ("Make Broad the Path, Unbar the Gate") is from the German original ("Macht hoch die Thür, das Thor macht weit") of the Lutheran, Georg Weissel (d. 1665), whose original is esteemed as one of the finest Advent hymns.

An Index which should contain all similar hymnological information for the texts used throughout the volume would be, we think, desirable and helpful. Meanwhile, we must congratulate the editor on the improved text of several of the hymus. It is indeed a pleasure to find the "Holy God" (No. 28) given in an absolutely correct rhythmic version; for even at this late day the hymn is often reprinted with many errors, such as "Everlasting is thy Name", instead of the proper "Everlasting is thy reign" (in the first stanza); "Angel choirs above are singing", instead of the proper "Angel choirs above are raising", etc. Especially are we gratified at the careful emendation of the popular hymn, "To Jesus' Heart All-burning", in the interests of rhyme and rhythm, and even of pronunciation. The editorial file was necessary here, and the result is one that must please every careful hymnologist and singer. By some oversight, the 6th stanza of hymn No. 6 has allowed an error apparently (it is repeated in Nos. 7 and 8) to creep in:

> "The love that is between us
> Shall be a tie for aye,
> And nought shall e'er estrange us,
> As pledge accept my heart."

In the previous stanzas the 2nd and 4th line always rhyme.

In general, we commend also the work of printer and binder. We have noticed the following misprints: *polophonic* (p. III), Ave Maria *gratis* plena (p. V), "Make *bread* the path" (p. 3). As they stand, the volumes must be cordially commended for the excellence of both the music and the text; and the suggestions we have made look merely to a possible betterment in future editions.

H. T. Henry.

ORGANUM COMITANS AD PROPRIUM DE TEMPORE a Septuagesima usque ad Feriam VI. post Octavam Ascensionis Gradualis Romani quod juxta editionem Vaticanam harmonice ornavit Dr. Fr. X. Mathias, Regens Seminarii Episcopalis Argentinensis. Editio Ratisbonensis. (New York and Cincinnati: Pustet. 1912). 354 pages Quarto.

Dr. Mathias has furnished organists with an ably conceived system of accompaniment for plainsong. In the present installment of his accompaniment to the Vatican edition of the Roman Gradual, he has deemed it advisable to present certain of the chants in two keys, as for example the Introit, Offertory, Communion of Septuagesima, Sexagesima, Quinquagesima Sundays, the first antiphon of Ash Wednesday, etc. This is done by printing the chants, not in a double signature (a device which, we conceive, must be confusing to many organists), but in two fully printed sets for each chant melody. This care for the convenience of organists involves a double labor for the musical editor and an added expense for the publisher; but both labor and expense are justified by the greater convenience thus created for the organist, who is often sufficiently tasked in his desire to render the accompaniment smooth and flowing, even without the added botheration of two sets of signatures placed before a single piece of music. Dr. Mathias has created his own system of rhythmical interpretation, and embodies it in the present installment of the Gradual melodies and accompaniments. Singers must sing the melodies as the organist finds them in transcription in the accompaniments; and it is obvious that either the singers must be well trained in the system adopted by Dr. Mathias, or must have the use of rhythmized editions according to his system. He has provided these in the case of the Kyriale chants, of those of the Commune Sanctorum, and for the Epitome ex Editione Vaticana Gradualis Romani. Perhaps he has done this also for the full Gradual; but if so, we have not come across it as yet. The system is somewhat similar to, but not identical with, that of Solesmes.

H. T. HENRY.

CHRISTUS: MANUEL D'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS. Par Joseph Huby, avec la collaboration des plusieurs auteurs. Paris: Beauchesne & Cie. 1912. Pp. 1046.

LE BOUDDHISME PRIMITIF. Par Alfred Roussel. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1911. Pp. 440.

Much of the material which has already appeared in Father Martindale's excellent collection *History of Religions* (5 Vols.,

London: Catholic Truth Society), previously recommended in the REVIEW, has been utilized in the present *Manuel.* The volume contains, besides an introduction on the general historical study of religions, chapters dealing successively with the religions of savage races, the religion of China, Japan, the Aryans, Brahmanism and Buddhism, the Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Egyptians, Babylonians, Islam, Israel.

A special feature of the work is the elaborate chapter on the Christian religion (pp. 681-1016), a study which justifies the title of the volume and places Christianity in its proper position as the unique and perfect expression of God's revelation and man's religious faith and duty. There are full bibliographies and excellent indexes. The manual, while containing much matter, is compact and convenient, though the binding might easily have been more befitting.

M. Alfred Roussel's study is closed with an extract which concludes a prior work on the same subject by Barthélemy St. Hilaire. Coming as it does from an authority equally competent and unbiased, the citation is worth requoting here. "Buddhism," says M. St.-Hilaire, "has nothing to teach us and its school would be disastrous to us. Despite its appearances, which are sometimes specious, it is simply a long tissue of contradictions; and it is doing it no injustice to say that on close acquaintance it proves to be a spiritualism without a soul, a virtue without duty, a morality without liberty, a charity without love, a world without nature and without God. What then could we gain from such teachings? And how much we should have to forget were we to become its blind disciples? How many degrees we should have to descend in the scale of nations and of civilization! The sole, though immense service, that Buddhism can render us is by its sad contrast to make us better appreciate the inestimable value of our own beliefs by showing to us how much it has cost these peoples who have no part with us therein."

But, it may be asked, if Buddhism is thus sterile in itself and if its best lesson be negative, why multiply books to set forth "a long tissue of contradictions" or a mere standard of negative value? A sufficient answer to this query may perhaps be found in the fact that uncounted millions—one-third of the human race according to Professor Roussel—are enmeshed in this "long tissue of contradictions", which, having spread far beyond its Eastern beginnings, is now enfolding new victims throughout the Western world. The moral, if not religious, beliefs of so vast a multitude of human beings cannot be without appeal to the interest of readers of this REVIEW; and consequently the recent monograph above introduced

may well merit their attention. Of course they already possess the well-known work of Dr. Aiken, in which the Professor of Apologetics in the Catholic University, Washington, examines the alleged relation of Buddhism to primitive Christianity. It is an able piece of scholarly criticism and contains the best bibliography on Buddhism up to the year 1900—the date of its publication. There is also the no less able work by M. de la Vallée Poussin, Professor in the University of Ghent, much of which is devoted to the philosophical aspects of Buddhism.

The book under review, by M. Roussel, Professor of Sanscrit in the Freiburg University (Switzerland), is somewhat more descriptive than the two just mentioned. About half the volume is devoted to the life of the Buddha, the remaining half being divided between an analysis of the Dhamma, the law of the Buddha, and a description of Buddhistic monachism. The volume closes with an account of the present condition of Buddhism in its fatherland. It will not be necessary to enter here into further details. Suffice it to recommend it not simply to professional students but to general readers to whom its subject may appeal. The author has the happy art of making a seemingly dry subject attractive. Although the work is the outcome of much research, the erudition is not paraded; it blends smoothly in a narrative that delights whilst it instructs.

L'IDEE DE DIEU DANS LES SCIENCES CONTEMPORAINES: LES MERVEILLES DU CORPS HUMAIN. Par le Dr. L. Murat, en collaboration avec le Dr. P. Murat. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1912. Pp. 890.

The volume here introduced is the third on the projected program, though the second in turn to appear, of studies designed to strengthen and illustrate the teleological argument for the existence of God. The first volume, treating of the anorganic and the vegetable kingdoms, appeared about two years ago and is now in its fourth edition. It was reviewed at the time in these pages. The second volume, on the animal world, is still in course of preparation. The volume at hand opens with an elaborate examination of the design argument, the objections against it drawn from Darwinism and materialistic evolutionism generally being especially considered. The seven hundred pages which constitute the rest of the book comprise studies in the anatomy and physiology of the brain, the heart and circulatory system, the digestive organs, etc., the sensory apparatus, eye, ear, etc. especially, as well as the protective devices of the body. The aim of the author throughout has been

to secure scientific accuracy with the avoidance as far as possible of unnecessary technicalities. The work is not therefore precisely popular. It is scientific, and yet not beyond the capacity of the average educated person to read with profit and satisfaction. The French have a well recognized felicity of being clear and exact without being tedious. The book will therefore serve the serious student of science and philosophy as well as theology, while the preacher of the word will find it a storehouse of facts and ideas available in illustration of the nature and attributes of the Creator.

AUTHORITY. The Function of Authority in Life and its Relation to Legalism in Ethics and Religion. By A. v. O. P. Huizinga. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Pp. 270.

This book promises much but fulfills little. Authority is considered from a "psychological and sociological", also from a "metaphysical and theological aspect"—terms which designate the main divisions of the volume—but nowhere is there a clear and adequate definition of authority itself. Much is said about authority, but there is no analysis of its various meanings and its nature or essence in its religious application. The work evidences considerable reading. Indeed it is little more that a catena of excerpts from authors who have said something more or less germane to the subject. Some of these extracts are misinterpreted by the compiler, owing apparently to an imperfect knowledge of the general mind of the author from whom the excerpt is taken. This is evident in the extracts from "Tyrell". The writer has manifestly not read, or, if he has, has failed to understand "Tyrell's" *mind* on "authority" as it is expressed in that beautiful and profound chapter, "The Mystical Body," which forms a part of *Hard Sayings*.

The chain upon which the excerpts that make up the substance of the book are strung is weak and ill-formed. There runs through it a straining after philosophical effect which reveals a mind whose ambition surpasses its powers of attainment or its stage of preparation. No one can do philosophical work who does not think at least clearly. Very much of the thought for which the author himself is responsible is hazy and confused. This is not because the thought is profound, or the subject so very difficult, but because the writer has not mastered his subject, though no doubt he honestly thinks he has. He undertook a task for which he lacked philosophical and theological ability or at least preparation. Consequently the product is immature and of little or no value as a contribution to the subject.

Literary Chat.

What impresses the student of social problems most intensely, and often no less painfully, is the complexity of his undertakings. This is especially the case with "the drink question". The frightful ravages wrought by the abuse of alcoholic stimulants are of course among the most sadly familiar of facts. The difficulties spring up and becloud the mind as soon as the method of stemming the flood is confronted. Here, as in every other phase and ramification of "the social question", the means and remedies centre in the individual, the State, and the Church, and each of these agencies calls for special study and prudent application. The priest dealing with individual souls and applying to them the spiritual powers which the Church entrusts to him, as her representative, holds within his hands the most effective safeguards and remedies. The functions, however, of the State, the rights and the duties of government in the matter, are less determined and more uncertain of execution.

The literature bearing on this department is fairly abundant. Nevertheless, there is plenty of room for such a treatment of the subject as is given by Mr. Robert Bagnell in a neat little volume entitled *Economic and Moral Aspects of the Liquor Business* (New York, Funk & Wagnalls; pp. 186). The opening chapter alone is devoted to the effects of the excessive use of alcohol upon the *individual*. The rest of the book deals with the *social* influences of the saloon, and the economic and moral aspects of the subject, in view of the pertinent rights and responsibilities of the State. The treatment is calm and judicious, not rampant or subjective. The author's theory of the basis of rights is sound—a praise that cannot always be accorded to writers on the temperance question.

After recommending such a book it may seem somewhat out of place to introduce forthwith the *Year Book of the United States Brewers' Association*. Perhaps the insistence of the *audi alteram partem* might justify such a proceeding; for indeed in view of the complexity of the drink question, the student who would be in every way just, dares leave no side thereof unexamined. It is rather however for the data furnished by the volume that attention is here drawn to the elaborate report of the proceedings of the Fifty-First Annual Convention of the said association (Chicago, November, 1911). The data in point refer to the relative effects of prohibitory and permissive legislation on the liquor traffic. The comparative failure of prohibition is of course a well-known fact. However, the precise results of the measure are summarized in graphic statistical tables in the *Year Book*.

Lest any one should suspect the impartiality of the reports (the case being apparently one of *pro domo sua*), it should be noted that the statistics are all taken from governmental, and therefore unbiased, documents.

Much has been heard lately of boy-saving, the Boys' Brigades, Scouts, and so on. Saving the girl used to be thought a comparatively easier process, though recently the difficulties and the urgency thereof are looming up larger, and our educated Catholic women here and there are taking up the work in earnest.

Sodalities are potent agencies in the girl-saving service, but there are large numbers whom they do not and cannot reach. Working girls' clubs are becoming more and more a necessity, especially in large centres of population. We have previously called attention to Madame Cecilia's little volume, *Girls' Clubs and Mothers' Meetings* (New York, Benziger), and we now want to redeem our promise of returning to it.

What impresses one most in perusing the book is its eminently practical, workable character. Madame Cecilia has had wide experience in dealing with girls, young and otherwise; and she knows their dispositions, their ways, their faults, little meannesses, as well as their good points. She understands thoroughly how to handle them, how to draw out their better qualities, how to minimize their weaknesses and defects. Moreover, she has supplemented her knowledge by the experience of many other workers in the same field, lay and religious, Catholic as well as non-Catholic. The result is a compendium of sound, sane, detailed, practical information covering every phase of the large and intricate subject and presented with her wonted felicity of expression in this neat little volume.

The aims of Catholic working girls' clubs, how to start them, time-tables, order, discipline, committees, competitions, libraries, leaders, finances, rules, rewards, amusements, games, occupations, analyses of two hundred and fifty plays—these are the principal topics treated; and there will probably be no conditions or occasions for advice on the side of workers in this most important and timely of woman's charities, that will not be foreseen and provided for in these richly-stored pages.

Hardly second if not first in ingeniousness of Christian charity is that which is known as Mothers' Meetings. Municipalities and lay benevolent organizations are actively engaged in the work of instructing mothers in their maternal and domestic duties. Much good is thus being accomplished amongst the poor. A still larger range of beneficence spreads out where all this is inspired by and permeated with the heavenly graces of the Catholic spirit. To this most fruitful and winsome of works in which spiritual interblends with corporal mercy, Madame Cecilia devotes a special chapter, the perusal of which may, it will be hoped, inspire our Catholic women in our American cities to undertake the work described.

Over against the Socialist movement which is so ably presented by Mr. Walling in his recent book, *Socialism As It Is* (to be reviewed in the August number), stands the Catholic Church. Herein the Socialist "finds opposed to him", as Mr. Hilaire Belloc says, "an organism whose principle of life is opposed to his own, and an intelligence whose reasoning does not (as do the vulgar capitalist arguments to which he is so dreadfully accustomed) take for granted the very postulates of his own creed. He learns, the more he comes across this Catholic opposition, that he cannot lay to avarice, stupidity, or hypocrisy, the resistance which this unusual organism offers to his propaganda."

It probably did not fall within the scope of Mr. Walling's undertaking to mention this antagonism between the two greatest organized forces existing in the world to-day. Or it may be that he desired to exclude the religious element from his argumentation, and this for reasons more or less obvious. Whatever be the case, the fact of this determined, unflinching opposition between the Church and Socialism is one of the most universal and conspicuous of present social phenomena.

The bases and reasons of this conflict have been made clear in many books and widely spread pamphlets. Nevertheless the media of enlightenment on this point can hardly be too multiplied and too much disseminated. The International Catholic Truth Society (Brooklyn, New York) has done a good work therefore by reprinting in this country Mr. Belloc's brief paper, at a price which makes it easy to spread broadcast. Needless to say, the little essay is both bright and thoughtful.

Those who are interested in the study of the growth of sociological phenomena will find in the last number of the Columbia University *Studies* (No.

117) an instructive type of a good method and its results. The title is *A Hoosier Village: A Sociological Study,* by Newell Sims (New York, Longmans, Green & Co.).

The identity of the actual Indiana village is concealed under the name "Aton". The author describes the locality, the people, their social organization, political, religious, etc., "the social mind", and lastly the genesis of all these factors and activities. The whole shows how much of the ever interestingly human can be learned from the study of a back-country village of some 2,600 souls.

The Quarterly *Rivista di Filosofia Neo-Scolastica,* which has recently put on a bright new dress, continues to reflect the progress of philosophical studies in Italy. The editor, Dr. Gemelli, being both an eminent physician and a scholastic philosopher, knows how to combine the old metaphysics and the new science. With his eye on the unchanging principles he has an alert sense for their progressive application to changing phases and conditions of thought (Florence, Italy).

Bishop Hay's *The Sincere Christian* has its place amongst the permanent books of religious instruction, a place from which the multitude of cognate works that have appeared during the past hundred years will not remove it. Solidity and clarity of doctrine, if not elegance of diction, are its claims to endurance. The new edition, revised by Canon Stuart, gives the work a worthy embodiment (St. Louis, Herder: London, Sands & Co.).

During the summer of 1911 a series of investigations on the subject of religious ignorance was carried on through the columns of the well-known French daily, *La Croix.* The most eminent Catholics in France contributed their thought, and the whole product has recently been edited by the Abbé Terasse and published in a convenient volume by Lethielleux (Paris). The facts, causes, consequences and remedies—under these headings a large amount of instructive thought and suggestion relative to the growing ignorance of religion is summed up. Though directly pertaining to conditions prevailing in France the subject possesses a universal interest (pp. 173).

Bible et Science - Terre et Ciel, by Ch. de Kirwan, is the title of a recent addition to M. Bloud's favorably known series of "Science et Religion". There are just three score pages, but these are well packed with pithily expressed thought on the interrelations of the Bible and science and on certain fundamental problems centring in astronomy. Short studies, yet withal interesting, on great subjects.

To the same series has recently been added *Lettres choisies de St. Vincent de Paul.* The booklet contains some thirty letters, now printed for the first time from the original MSS. and edited by M. Pierre Coste (Paris: Bloud et Cie).

An oddity in ecclesiastical literature mentioned by Fr. W. Weth, S.J., in *Zeitschrift für kath. Theologie* (Innsbruck) is a Missal of pre-Reformation times, belonging to the Patriarchate of Aquileja, printed in 1519 at Venice. In connexion with its regular Calendar of Saints and feasts it gives certain rules of health and practical advice on right living.

The so-called "dog days" are marked out in the following couplet:

> Octava *Pe Pau* canis incipit et finit *Oc Lau.*
> *Margar* caniculas *Assumptio* terminat illas—

which means that the vacations began on the Octave of SS. Peter and Paul, or on the feast of St. Margaret; and they ended with the Octave of St. Laurence, or the feast of the Assumption of the B. V. Mary.

The rules of healthy living are set forth in the Calendar as follows:

I. In *Januario* claris calidisque cibis potiaris
Atque decens potus post fercula sit tibi notus,
Ledit enim medo tunc potatus, ut bene credo.
Balnea tutus intres et venam scindere cures.

Nascitur occulta febris *Februario* multa (influenza)
Potibus et escis si caute minuere velis
Tunc cave frigora, de pollice funde cruorem,
Sugge mellis favum, pectoris morbos curabit.

Martius humores gignit variosque dolores.
Sume cibum pure, cocturas si placet ure.
Balnea sunt sana, sed quae superflua vana.
Vena nec abdenda; nec potio sit tribuenda.

Hic probat in vere vires *Aprilis* habere.
Cuncta renascuntur: pori tunc aperiuntur.
In quo scalpescit corpus sanguis quoque crescit.
Ergo solvatur venter, cruorque minuatur.

Maio secure laxari sit tibi curae.
Scindatur vena: sed balnea dentur amena.
Cum calidis rebus sint fercula seu speciebus.
Potibus adstricta sit salvia cum benedicta.

In *Junio* gentes perturbat medo bibentes.
Atque novarum fuge potus cerevisiarum.
Ne noceat colera valet hec refectio vera.
Lactuce frondes ede jejunus, bibe fontes.

Qui vult solamen *Julio* hoc probat medicamen:
Venam non scindat nec ventrem potio ledat.
Somnum compescat, et balnea cuncta pavescat.
Prodest recens unda, allium cum salvia munda.

Quisquis sub *Augusto* vivat medicamine justo
Raro dormitet, estum, coitum quoque vitet.
Balnea non curet nec multum comestio duret,
Nemo laxari debet vel phlebotomari.

Fructus maturi *Septembris* sint valituri
Et pira cum vino, panis cum lacte caprino.
Aqua de urtica tibi potio fertur amica.
Tunc venam pandas, species cum semine mandas.

October vina praebet cum carne farrina,
Necnon auccina caro valet et volucrina.
Quamvis sint sana, tamen est repletio vana.
Quantum vis comede, sed non praecordia laede.

Hoc tibi scire datur, quod rheuma *Novembri* curatur.
Quaeque nociva, vita: tua sint preciosa dicta.
Balnea cum venere tunc nullum constat habere.
Potio sit sana atque minutio bona.

Sane sunt membris res calide mense *Decembris.*
Frigus vitetur, capitalis vena scindatur.
Lotio sit vana, sed vasis potio cara.
Sit tepidus potus frigore contrario totus.

Father John Hedrick's *The Office with the New Psalter,* which appeared in the REVIEW (April) and which gave the General Ordo for the months of

April, May, June, and July, has now been published by Fr. Pustet & Co., in a handy pamphlet and extended to include the new 1912 Ordo for all the rest of the year. This makes it unnecessary for us to continue the publication of the *Mutationes in Kalendario Anno.*

Creighton University (Omaha, Nebraska) seems to be doing exceptionally good work in the professional courses of Law and Medicine and its allied branches of Dentistry and Pharmacy. In these courses we note the admission of women-graduates. In the May issue of the *Creighton Chronicle,* the University organ, an attractive account of the progress made by the institution is given. Father Eugene Magevney, S.J., the President, is evidently bringing his University to the front.

According to the *Tablet* (London) the official reports of France indicate a continued decline of the birth rate there. The recorded deaths for the past year exceeded the births by 34,869. There were 13,058 divorces. The evils implied in these statistics are distinctly less in those parts of France, where, as in Brittany, the Catholic religion is being maintained among the people.

Father Maurice Meschler's beautiful treatise on the Holy Ghost has been translated into Spanish under the title of *Pentecostès ò los Dones del Espiritu Santo.* The translation is by the Jesuit Father Evaristo Gomez, and has apparently retained all the charm which is a feature of the German original, and which likewise characterizes the English version. The volume is an excellent meditation book for all seasons, although especially designed for the Pentecostal cycle (B. Herder).

In connexion with this work of Father Meschler we would direct attention to two other treatises well known of old, but recently republished in attractive form as part of the *Bibliotheca ascetica mystica,* designed by Cardinal Fischer of Cologne and edited by Father Lehmkuhl. They are the mystical theology of the Carmelite Father Joannes a Jesu Maria, together with his *Epistola Christi ad Hominem;* likewise the Latin version by Masotto of Father Scupoli's *Spiritual Combat,* which St. Francis de Sales seems to have valued above all other printed aids to progress in the spiritual life, next to the inspired Word of God.

The old Venetian Luigi Cornaro believed that all the spiritual doctrine necessary to make a man become a better servant of God, was contained in the principle of abstemiousness which he expounds in his fourfold treatise, *Della Vita Sobria.* That famous book has indeed done much not only for the popularizing of the art of living long, but likewise for the promotion of natural virtue and the spirit of public benevolence. Curiously enough it is only within recent years that the work has become known in the United States. The poet George Herbert had made an English version of it in his day; rendered apparently from the Latin translation by Lessius (1613 and 1615), which seems to have been popular at the time. In the succeeding century a number of editions were issued in London, of which the best, according to John Sinclair, is the one of 1779. An enterprising Parisian publisher had issued a critique of the work before that date under the name of *L'Anti-Cornaro* (Paris, 1702).

A few years ago Mr. William Butler, of Milwaukee, printed an amended translation, the result of original inquiry into Italian sources. Apart from being probably the most complete version in English of the four original tracts, with biographical notes and references, the volume contains a number of appreciations by Addison, Bacon, and Sir William Temple, who were fervent advocates of the *Vita Sobria.*

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

Das Zeugnis des fier Evangelisten für die Taufe, Eucharistie und Geistessendung. Mit Entwürfen zu Predigten über die Eucharistie. Von Dr. Johannes Evang. Belser, o. Professor der Theologie an der Universität Tübingen. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. xii-294. Price, $1.30.

Vivre, ou se laisser vivre? Conseils aux Jeunes Gens. Par Pierre Saint-Quay. Avec une lettre de Mgr. Baudrillart, Recteur de l'Institut Catholique. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1912. Pp. xv-326. Prix, 3*fr.* 50.

Manuel Pratique de la Dévotion au Sacré-Cœur de Jésus. Par l'Abbé Vandepitte, D.H. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1912. Pp. 345. Prix, 1 *fr.*

Pensées Choisies du R. P. de Ponlevoy de la Compagnie de Jésus. Extraites de sa vie, de ses opuscules ascétiques et lettres. Par le P. Charles Renard. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1912. Pp. viii-363. Prix, 1 *fr.*

Le Pain Évangelique. Explication dialoguée des Évangiles des Dimanches et Fêtes d'Obligation à l'usage des Catéchismes, du Clergé et des Fidèles. Tome II: Du Carême à la St. Pierre. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1912. Pp. 248. Prix, 2 *fr.*

Le Mystère d'Amour. Considérations sur la Sainte Eucharistie. Par le R. P. Lecornu, Provicaire du Tonkin Occidental. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1912. Pp. viii-394. Prix, 3 *fr.* 50.

Manuel du Tiers-Ordre de Saint-Francois. D'après le Directoire spirituel. Par P. Eugène d'Oisy. Constitution "Misericors Dei Filius".—Explication de la Règle.—Cérémonial.—Catalogue des indulgences.—Conduite intérieure.—Recueil de prières franciscaines.—Cantiques.—Office de la Sainte Vièrge. Deuxième édition. Paris: Librarie S. François; Couvin, Belgique: Maison Saint-Roch. 1912. Pp. 558.

Theologia Mystica et Epistola Christi ad Hominem. Auctore Joanne A Jesu Maria, Carmelita discalceato.

Pugna Spiritualis secundam versionem Latinam ab Olympio Masotto factam. Auctore Laurentio Scupoli, O.Cler.Reg.—Friburgi Brisg., St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1912. Pp. 394. Price, $1.25.

Homilien und Predigten. Von Dr. Paul Wilh. von Keppler, Bischof von Rottenburg.—Freiburg Brisg., St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1912. Pp. 345. Price, $1.10.

Pentecostés o Los Dones del Espiritu santo. Meditationes espirituales por el Padre Mauricio Meschler, S.J. Traducidas por el Padre Evaristo Gomez, S.J.—Friburgo Brisg., St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1912. Pp. 505. Price, $1.50.

Gott mit uns: Theologie und Ascese des Allerheiligsten Altars sakramentes erklärt von P. Justinus Albrecht, O.S.B. Den Eucharistischen Congressen gewidmet. Approb. Ergb. Freiburg. Freiburg Brisg., St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1912. Pp. 122. Price, $0.55.

LITURGICAL.

The Office with the New Psalter. By Rev. John T. Hedrick, S.J., Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. Ratisbon, Rome, New York, Cincinnati. Frederick Pustet & Co. 1912. Pp. 32. Price, $0.10.

Organ Accompaniment to the "Cantata". By J. Singenberger. Ratisbon, Rome, New York, and Cincinnati. Fr. Pustet & Co. 1912. Quarto. Pp. 212.

THE HOLY MASS ACCORDING TO THE GREEK RITE. Being the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom in Slavonic and English. By Andrew J. Shipman, LL.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 1912. Pp. 44.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE SCIENCE OF LOGIC. An Inquiry into the Principles of Accurate Thought and Scientific Method. By P. Coffey, Ph.D. (Louvain), Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Maynooth College, Ireland. Two volumes. Vol. I: Conception, Judgment, and Inference. New York, London, Bombay, Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912. Pp. xx-445. Price, $2.50 *net.*

HANDBOOK OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. Albert Stöckl. Vol. I: Pre-Scholastic and Scholastic Philosophy. Second edition (1903). Translated by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., M.A., National University, Dublin. New York, London, Bombay, Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co. 1911. Pp. v-446. Price, $3.75, *net.*

THE FIVE GREAT PHILOSOPHIES OF LIFE. By William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1911. Pp. x-296. Price, $1.50, *net.*

THE LEARNING PROCESS. By Stephen Sheldon Colvin, Ph.D., Professor of Psychology at the University of Illinois. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1912. Pp. xxv-336. Price, $1.25, *net.*

A LIVING WAGE. Its Ethical and Economic Aspects. By John A. Ryan, S.T.D., Professor of Ethics and Economics in the St. Paul Seminary. With an Introduction by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. New York and London; The Macmillan Co. 1912. Pp. xvi-346. Price, $0.50, *net.*

INTRODUCTORY PHILOSOPHY. A Text-Book for Colleges and High Schools. By Charles A. Dubray, S.M., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy at the Marist College, Washington, D. C. New York, London, Bombay, and Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912. Pp. xxi-624. Price, $2.60.

SOCIALISM AS IT IS. A Survey of the World-Wide Revolutionary Movement. By William English Walling. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1912. Pp. xii-452. Price, $2.00, *net.*

PRESENT PHILOSOPHICAL TENDENCIES. A Critical Survey of Naturalism, Idealism, Pragmatism, and Realism together with a Synopsis of the Philosophy of William James. By Ralph Barton Perry, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. New York, London, Bombay, and Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co., 1912. Pp. xv-383. Price, $2.60, *net.*

HISTORICAL.

DE CURIA ROMANA: Ejus Historia ac hodierna disciplina juxta reformationem a Pio X inductam. Auctore Monin, J.C.L., in Universitate Cath. Lovaniensi Juris Canonici prof. extraord.—Lovanii: Josephus Van Linthout. 1912. Pp. 394. Price, 5 *fr.*

ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER. Par A. Brou. Tome Premier: 1506-1548. Tome Second: 1548-1552. Paris: Gabriel Beauschesne & Cie. 1912. Pp. xvi-445 et 487. Prix, 12 *fr.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

VENDÉENNE. Par Jean Charruau. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1912. Pp. xiii-270. Prix, 2 *fr.*

MY LADY POVERTY. A Drama in Five Acts. By the Rev. Francis de Sales Gliebe, O.F.M. Fourth edition. Santa Barbara, Calif.: St. Anthony College. 1912. Pp. 78. Price, $0.35; 3 copies, $1.00; 12 copies, $3.00.